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MOUNTAIN

BUDS AND BLOSSOMS,

WOVE IN A

RUSTIC GARLAND.

BY

THE STRANGER,

OF FAIRFAX LODGE, NO. 43—FAIRFAX CHAPTER, NO. 13—
AND PETERSBURG COUNCIL OF ROYAL AND
SELECT MASTERS, NO. 5.

Kunst Macht Gunst.

PETERSBURG:

Yancey & Burton, Printers, Bank Street.

1825.

DEDICATION.

TO THE

INDEPENDENT SOUL,

THAT NEVER

COURTS A SMILE,

OR

BENDS BENEATH A FROWN,

THIS VOLUME OF

ORIGINAL POEMS

IS

DEDICATED,

BY

THE AUTHOR;

A NATIVE OF CULPEPER COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

43620

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS work is swelled to double the limits anticipated by the author when he issued his proposals, consequently, the expense of publication is proportionably increased, without any advance being made on the subscription price.

The engraved Title Page of this volume is the only specimen of his untaught skill, in that line, the author is able to lay before his patrons, and they will readily excuse the omission of the others, when informed that the *printing* of that alone, cost twelve dollars and fifty cents, and if the rest had been added, would have amounted to a sum equal to half the profits of this Edition, supposing every copy will be sold, a result for which his most sanguine expectations do not lead him to hope.

It may be necessary further to say, that the specimen presented, is the third attempt the author ever made on Copperplate.

TO THE CRITICS.

GENTLEMEN,

I am unfortunately too proud to attempt ingratiating myself in your good graces, by highflown eulogiums on your taste and liberality, and too sensible of my many imperfections not to know, that I shall frequently have to submit in silence, to the expression of your displeasure, and bow submissive to the truth and justice of your critical decisions. Were I so disposed, it would be vain for me to attempt by flattery or servility, to conciliate the stern but necessary severity, which fancy in fearful colors, already pictures to my imagination, as seated on your austere brows. If you are the persons I have ever believed, like all other high minded men, you are not to be approached through such channels, at best, but fit for conveying the most degraded mind, the most slavish soul, to pay homage at the shrines of vanity and ignorance —With you, flattery must beget disgust, servility, contempt, and I would add, *defiance*, from so humble an author as myself, would at best, excite your pity, most likely your mirth. Adopting then, an intermediate course, I approach you with all the respect due your characters and profession, and at the same time, with that firm and fearless independence, which should ever characterise the actions of a freeborn Virginian, for the purpose of laying before you in a few words, a statement of plain facts with regard to myself and my Poems, which I consider essentially necessary to enable you to decide with satifaction to yourselves, on the merits of this work, if it possesses

qualities of that kind, either positive or negative.

The occupation of my early days, was to follow the plough, and the only education I ever received, was obtained from an ordinary country Schoolmaster, previous to completing the fourteenth year of my age.

Circumstances unnecessary to mention, then attracted me from the charms of rural life to a sphere of action, in which I have continued to move for eight years, with various, and not a few painful reverses.—More of my story need not be told: enough has been given to satisfy curiosity, very unlikely to be excited, and in the parts withheld, like those revealed, egotism could find nothing to gratify, nor vanity a crumb of comfort, on which to feed during their relation.

It is only necessary further for me to state, that circumstances beyond my control, measurably compel me to appear thus early in life, before the public in this shape, and I come under the full consciousness that *I am to appear* under many disadvantages—but the hypercritic I disregard, while the friendly suggestions of enlightened and fostering age, shall still be as they ever have been, thankfully received, and scrupulously practised.

Before then, you make up your final decision gentlemen, recollect that it is not the work of an accomplished classical scholar & literary veteran, on which you are about to give an opinion, but the production of an unlearned, and in many respects inexperienced youth.

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THE

VIRGINIAD.

INTRODUCTION.

I AM fully aware that by ushering forth THE VIRGINIAD to the notice of the public, I shall draw upon myself from a certain species of Critics, the imputation of being a *selfish mortal*, alive only to the excellence of what is immediately within reach of my observation, and thinking, beyond that boundary, there can be nothing good or great. So far as a proud, and I trust, a praise-worthy affection for my Native State, her illustrious men and excellent institutions, may go to support the truth of such an allegation, I acknowledge the evidence to be correct. But *so far*, as this testimony may be improperly construed, or intentionally distorted, that an inference may be drawn of my want of patriotic feeling for the true glory and permanent welfare of my country at large, I must deny its validity in the most positive terms.

It is certainly natural that we should feel a predominant attachment for the land of our nativity, *over every other on Earth.* If it be a crime to cherish that attachment,—as I have lived, so let me die in its commission. Born and reared in the *Old Dominion*, I wish never to go permanently beyond its boundaries. Breathing with delight its mild and salubrious atmosphere, I wish to inhale that of no other clime.—Treading on its hallowed soil in life, let me rest beneath it

in death.—Feeling a brother's affection for each of Virginia's *loyal sons, (whether by birth or adoption)* I prize their good opinions while I exist, and would wish to survive in their memories, when no more.

To the venerable and illustrious living worthies, with whose names I have made free in the following stanzas, I owe an apology for the liberty thus unceremoniously taken. To the PUBLIC I owe *more than an apology* for the imperfect manner in which their several merits are sketched: Language, in many instances would fail to do them justice. Fame has long since spread throughout the world their names, and Eternity will dawn upon their unfaded worth.

Virginians! I have no expectation that my feeble strain in praise of the honored soil of our birth, will rouse a brighter glow of patriotic emulation in your high-souled bosoms, than has burned there since the first hours of your existence.—Remembering that you bear a name which WASHINGTON has adorned before you, you will not—you dare not, dishonor it by an unworthy action. Seeing the venerable and illustrious JEFFERSON and MADISON still among you, crowned with the fadeless laurels their matchless merits have won, you need no greater inducements to rouse to such exertion as may enable you one day to reach the exalted stations, they have filled.—Then, imitate their worth, that you may arrive at their honors.

THE

VIRGINIAD.

"*Breathes there the man with soul so dead,*
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land."—W. Scott.

I.

VIRGINIA hail! thou loveliest land on Earth,
Land of the Great! of Beauty, and rare worth;
Each heart that bears the impress of thy name,
Beats high to climb the rugged steeps of Fame.
And each true Son, views with admiring eyes,
Thy glories in their splendid brightness rise;
While his first care—is nobly to fulfill,
Such tasks as teach to keep them cloudless still.
Muse of the Free! then, thou the Bard inspire,
Whose trembling hand presumes to strike thy Lyre;
And in imperfect strains here tries to raise
One Song—to tell Virginia's *unsung* praise.

II.

Great is the theme chose by an untuned tongue,
A theme—which bards more gifted should have sung
Those skilled in lore and deeply read in men,
With chrystal minds to guide the graceful pen:—
A Sage's years, with chastened judgment clear,
To point, when he should sing and when forbear:
Then nervous thought had filled the flowing line,
And graceful Art assisted it to shine.—
Not so can his—who now the task essays,
Uncouth his style and unadorned his lays;
The hand which dares the Poets pen to wield,
Has held the plough to till the spreading field.

III.

Well may the task, inspire with fearful awe—
The pen which dares in colors faint to draw—
The picture of great deeds,—of gone-by days,—
And men, too good and great for mortal praise
There is No hand—that can a mirror show,
In which are seen in all their native glow—
Reflected bright, to the mind's piercing eye,
The lovely scenes which o'er Virginia lie.
Her varied landscapes spreading far and wide,
Her mountains towering in their lofty pride;
Her chrystal streams as on they boldly run,
Her clime salubrious—her unrivalled Sun! (a)

IV.

O ! could one now, who mortal semblance wears,
But count the Grecian Nestor's lengthen'd years ; (*b*)
That through the vista of three ages past,
He still could look and not a cloud o'ercast,
Nor yet a shade nor shadow intervene,
To hide the view or to obscure the scene :—
Then backward borne upon the mem'ry's wing,
The muse the deeds of other days might sing ;—
Then could be traced, with glowing pen and bold,
What thou Virginia wert in days of old ;
While sight and sense could each inspire the heart,
To feel—to paint—to tell—what *now* thou art.

V.

But vain the wish,—which nature's law denies,
Those days must now be scanned by other eyes—
Then FANCY, thou, the laboring pen assist,
To wipe from nature's face time gathered mist ;
And paint the scenes in vivid colors true,
Which charmed the senses while it chained the view—
Of those, whom bold emprise induced to rove,
For fame,—adventures wild—or lucres love :—
Or those, whom rude oppression's iron hand,
Forced to forsake for e'er their native land ;
To brave the broad Atlantic's briny foam,
And seek in distant climes a peaceful home.—

VI.

That fate is hard, what e'er it haps to be,
Which thrusts its victims o'er a dang'rous sea ;—
Or tears, from the loved spot, that owns their birth,
And sends them wand'ring strangers o'er the Earth,
Our Fathers driv'n by wrong—or dire distress,
To cross the waves and brave a wilderness ;
As their tall ship moved 'fore the swelling wind,
Cast many a long and anxious look behind.
And o'er each cheek the tear in silence roll'd,
While heaved with sighs the breasts of sternest mould,
Till distance hid the prospect from their view,
They thought and felt, but could not speak, *adieu* !

VII.

When erst their eyes glanced on Virginia's shore,
Rude was the scene—but *grand* the face it wore.
Then could they view in distant prospect rise,
Her broad based mounts, which seem'd to reach the skies ;
Her hills, more humble—and deep shaded woods,
Among which purled her silver rippling floods ;
And greater streams, that in their courses bold,
With wider beds and deeper stillness roll'd,
As they approach'd the Chesapeake's broad tide,
And emptied their deep floods through outlets wide ;
Or to the Ocean wound through many a sh ade,
And in her bosom their bread tributes paid.

VIII.

No sound then echoed from the mountains height,
Save, th' Eagles scream, that o'er it wing'd her flight
Or Wolf's long howl or Panther's piercing yell,
Which spread dismay and terror where they fell,
Beneath her forest's deep and gloomy shade,
The tall stag bounded and the young fawn played;
Thick in the morass—pois'nous serpents lay,—
In ready coil to clasp their heedless prey.—
With his bent bow, hunting the fleeting game,
The Indian roved, scarce less, than wild beasts tame,
Savage he was—and wild his natural state,
In mind and body—more than rudely GREAT.

IX.

No civil Art—nor science did he know,
But war his trade and his delight the bow;
He marched in deathful garo to the red field,
Wing'd shafts to speed or flinty spears to wield. (c)
If in the grasp of his fell foe, he's thrown,
He bears their tortures without sigh or groan;
Or if successful,—when the war was done,
The hatchet buried, his the vict'ry won;
He home returned to range the forest through,
Repoint his shafts and string his bow anew;
Alike to pierce the swiftly bounding Roe,
Or if requir'd—to meet again the foe.

X.

Temp'rate he lived—nor lux'ry graced his board, (*d*)
But from the wood or flowing streamlet stor'd ;
The meats were scant and bev'rage lighter still,
His calabash fill'd from the chrystal rill.—
Faithful to friend, his nation and his trust,—
He knew not then, what 'twas to be unjust ;—
Kind to the helpless—gen'rous in their need,—
Without *Law*, moral, Righteous without *Creed*—
And past his days in the uncultur'd wild,
Unskill'd in vice—completely Nature's child.
So found our Sires,—the noble Indian race,
Of whose existence, scarce is left a trace !

XI.

As snow beneath the sun fast melts away,
As plants in Autumn's frosts fall and decay ;
So from the whitemen's view the natives past ;
So will they fall and be extinct, at last.
Vain are the efforts which the good approve,
To teach new customs or the old remove ;
What most they've learn'd in intercourse with us,
Was to forget their greatness and grow worse.
Unsuited to their tastes, the cultured field,
The plough to guide—or cleaving axe to wield ;
In battle's din they seek a Warrior's Fame,
Or range the Forests—their pursuit,—its game.

XII.

As lovely spring succeeds the winters gloom,
And spreads o'er Earth fresh verdure and pure bloom;
So changed the scene as fled the savage herd,
And nature smiled where frowns had long appeared.
Where morass spread or darkened forests rose,
The meadow waves or the rich harvest grows;
Where stood the reed built towns—or wigwams rude,
Now Cities rise and Villages are strewed;
Upon those streams pure and unbroken tide,
Which knew no burthen save a Canoe's glide,
Now, in the course of e'er revolving time,
Floats the proud Ships, of ev'ry land and clime.

XIII.

Through trackless wilds and o'er rough rugged steeps,
Broad ways are open'd and the turnpike sweeps;—
Along which speeds—the traveller secure,
Beset, by ambushed enemies no more.
The soil which knew not then, the tilling plough,
Is deeply turn'd and yearly cultur'd now;
Though rough the toil, it gives new springs to health,
A *narrow*,—but the *surest* road to wealth.
The smooth canal or more ingenious lock,—
Winds round the fall or shuns the dangerous rock;
While down the floods improved by noble art,—
Is borne rich harvests to the ready mart.

XIV.

Potomac, first—rolls on its noble course,
And bears the oar sped bark near its pure source;
On its green banks, in beauteous prospect spread,
The farm appears and village rears its head—
Cities arise, and Commerce spreads her wings, (e)
From ev'ry clime their luxuries she brings;
And in return bears our products away,
A rich, abundant and a grand display.
Commerce nor art alone the mind attracts,
But Mountains severed and rude Cataracts;
Oft chain the view and frequent intervene,
To add rich beauties to the charming scene.

XV.

There was a time proud stream ere had begun, (f)
Thy current broad, its winding course to run;
But that time was, ere yet had ever rung,
Among our woods, the yell of savage tongue;
Ere our blue hills had echo'd back a sound,
Save wild beast's roar and Mammoths trembling bound.
Then, where the lovely vale of Shenandoah,
Now sweetly spreads, clad in luxuriance o'er;
High on surrounding heights the curious shell,
Unscath'd, by time or age, remains to tell;
The philosophic minds, who searches make,
That here has stood a wide and beauteous lake.

XVI.

And yet is seen, thro' glist'ning Fancy's eye,
Its surface spread from Eastern Mountains high
Westward, to where in bolder colors drawn,
Dark Alleghany shades blue æthers lawn.
Wave—rolls on wave and in the sunbeams play,
While year on year rolls like each wave away:
Till strength no more the wat'ry mass could bind,
It rends the lofty walls where 'tis confined!—
Or Nature,—by some great convulsive shock,
Earth's centre shook and burst the mountain's rock;
And through the rent the gushing waters drain,
Form a grand stream and leave a fertile plain!

XVII.

Hallow'd by the great deeds of other days,
To YORK's smooth flood, the Bard with pleasure pays,
The humble tribute of his humbler song;—
A *feeble* strain, where *boldest* flights belong.
'Twas here our haughty foeman's strength was broke;
Here burst the last ties—of a foreign yoke;
Here the brave allies sent by gen'rous France,
Up to the Cannon's mouth for us advanced.
Here WASHINGTON, and noble FAYETTE led,
Here hundreds fell and thousands bravely bled;
That, blest Liberty,—they or their's might see,
And unborn millions, after them, be Free!

XVIII.

Transported back to the all-glorious sight,
The mind's eye views the grandeur of the fight;
Sees *there*, the red cross banner, proudly wave,
And 'neath it crouch the hireling—soldier, slave;
While here the *Fleur dis Luce* and Eagle fly,
O'er those who fight for Freedom,—for it die.
In all their pomp and gay imposing pride,
The ships of war, on York's smooth bosom ride;
While bristling o'er the wide and lovely plain,
Array'd for battle is the eager train;
And hearts beat high and tongues spoke bold their will,
That ere the siege was done—were stiff and still.

XIX.

Save comet like and woe portending shell,
Which bursting hurl'd death's missiles as it fell;
The day was peace. The night the battle heard, (g)
Still was the tread—soft the commander's word,
Who bid the soldier march with scarce drawn breath,
In that dark hour, to darker work of death.
The cannon's flash gleams on the bay'nets steel,
And sweeps down ranks, while loud its thunders peal;
Up to the heavy breastworks frowning front,
The hosts advanc'd and braved the slaughters brunt.
On! On! For Liberty, each Freeman cries,
Stand for St. George, the falt'ring foe replies:

XX.

The storm grew loud, far rung war's clashing rage,—
MARS grinned a smile to see the hosts engage;
And with triumphant pride wav'd his tall crest,
While brother pierced his brother mortal's breast;
Short was the strife—slaves cannot long withstand,
The blows dealt by a fearless Freeman's hand;
O'ercame or fled—the battle's work was done,
Their redoubts storm'd—ours were the vict'ries won.
Thus past each dreary, dark and gloomy night,
(Fit time to view the horrors of the fight;)
Till faint with strife and battle's fell alarms,
The foe surrender'd and laid down their arms.

XXI.

No morn e'er dawned and shed its brilliant light,
Since time began—on a more welcome sight—
Than when proud England's hosts march'd out to meet,
And ground their arms—low at their conq'rors feet.
Brave hearts! what must have been your feelings then,
Our foes, you were—but not the *less* were *men*:
Though joy beamed full from many a Freeman's eye,
Yet at that scene few Freemen's eyes were dry. (*h*)
To millions hearts—this was a glorious day,—
And will remembered be—till Earth's decay,
Till th' sun is hid,—stars from their stations tost—
And TIME in vast ETERNITY is *lost!*

XXII.

But cease my Muse.—Neglected tasks resume,
Forget the bristling steel and waving plume—
The martial hosts who for the battle burn,
And to more peaceful, pleasing themes return,
WHERE lofty mounts, the low'ring storms defy,
And hills and dales meet the admiring eye,
From chrystal founts which 'mid these scenes appear,
Sweet RAPPAHANNOCK rolls her current clear,—
And with broad sweep flows on the ROANOKE,
ANN's pure tide by many a rock-fall broke,
And minor streams, too num'rous far for song,
Roll their smooth tributary sheets along.—

XXIII.

Hail! modern JAMES—the ancient POWHATAN,
No lov'lier stream has roll'd since time began,
From those grand scenes too, in its beauty flows,
Thy noble flood. Upon whose banks there glows,
The landscape rich, as Nature ever plann'd,
The view as fair as mortal's eye e'er scann'd.
SEE on those heights where once there only stood,
The tow'ring pine or humbler forest wood;
Or scatter'd huts of a rude Indian town,
Where savage Chief ruled with majestic frown
Now RICHMOND meets the eye and charms the heart,
By NATURE bless'd as tis adorned by ART. (i)

XXIV.

Here, the collected wisdom of the State,
Meets in sage council or in warm debate;
Here LEIGH and SCOTT with rival lustre shine,
And MARSHALL's mind, beams thro' his nervous line.—
By RICHMOND nurtur'd, have arose a host,
Their nations honor and their country's boast.
PALLAS attends her sons with gen'rous care,
While the sweet NINE deigns to inspire her FAIR.
Sing on fair H*****—and thy pleasing strain,
Each hill shall echo, and repeat, each plain,—
Long after Fate, has snatched thy polished Lyre,—
And chill'd for e'er thy chaste poetic fire.

XXV.

On calm ELIZABETH's unruffled deep,
The tallest ships, in floating grandeur sweep;
And with each sail bent to the swelling wind,
Roll to her ports—or leave them far behind;
Upon its brink NORFOLK her head uprears,
Varied in form but sweet the face she wears.
Here TAYLOR's eloquence charms or confounds,
Here talent reigns and native worth abounds;
Here AGE, by kindest feelings is inspir'd,
Here YOUTH by Patriot ardor 's nobly fir'd;
Here graceful beauty—with accomplish'd ease,
Reigns to attract,—to captivate and please.

XXVI.

Grey TIME! thou desolating Monarch hail!
FOE to the proud—the humble and the frail.
Ruthless descends thy iron hand on all,
The weak—the strong—the lordly great and small:—
Nor man alone, bows to thy uprais'd scythe,
Whole Nations tremble, and broad Cities writhe;
Wide Kingdoms totter—States, fade swift away,
Empires fall—and Worlds, at last decay.
Ask the Assyrian where his BABEL stands,
Threat'ning the skies?—He'll point Euphrates sands
Spread o'er its ruins—and with sullen air,
Tell you, its grandeur lies deep buried *there*!

XXVII.

Go ask the homeless Jew with mournful brow,
Where are the glories of his Temple now?
Where sits the Sanhedrim in awful state, (*j*)
Whose nods are *Law*—whose softest words are *Fate*?
He'll sigh—and point the place where Turkish pride,
Has reared a Mosque the sacred spot to hide.
He'll weep—and tell of Infidels accurst—
Who ruling, grind his nation to the dust.
Ask the *Phrygrian*—to show you ILIUM's scite,
Where Hector met his Grecian foes in fight?
He'll tell you not a stone is to be seen,
To prove that Troy's proud walls have ever been!

XXVIII.

Go ask of GREECE—where is her Parthenon,
To wisdom sacred—rev'renced by each Son—
Where her Athens—its porticoes and halls?
She'll point to broken columns—ruined walls—
Sculptur'ed Capitals which lay scattered round—
And the broad base—half hidden under ground.
Enquire of ROME—once mistress of the earth,
Where is her greatness now—and where her worth?
She'll point her servile chains and tell with tears,
They're gone, and buried in the lapse of years.
So fades each monument of human pride,
So are they past by TIMES ne'er halting stride:

XXIX.

And 'most forgotten—on her lovely green,
Lone WILLIAMSBURG with int'rest still is seen;
By those, who scenes of other days hold dear,
Remembering them—how *few*, do not revere!—
Here taste and talent—wit and learning shone,
And beauty reigned, adored for worth alone.
Here fashion dwelt and highly polished ease,
Unrivall'd breeding—practised but to please.
Within her ancient college halls were bred,
Full many Sons—whose noble actions shed
Bright lustre on VIRGINIA'S honored Name,
And stand, alike, dear to HER—and to FAME.

XXX.

Genius of Decay! hold thy ruthless hand?
Spare thou the Eldest City of our land;
Look at thy works of devastation there,—
And then relent—for pity, bids thee *spare.*
Nor let thy mould'ring form—moss covered o'er,
Stalk through her streets or hover round them more,
But be those Halls now tenantless and old,
Repeopled and rebuilt in modern mould.
Again be heard the business cheering sound,
Of bustling men engaged in life's rough round;
And soon restor'd each scene that can impart,
Joy to the Native—or the stranger's heart.

XXXI.

And shall sweet Appomattox be unsung?
Forbid it ev'ry heart!—and ev'ry tongue—
And Gratitude, do thou forbid a deed
Which would deny to honest worth its meed.
Fair Petersburg!—cold must that bosom be,
Which *having known*,—leans not *fore'er* to thee.
Within thy bounds breathes many a noble soul,
Whose board's e'er spread and ever full his bowl;
Whose hand is opened and whose bosom glows,
To give relief and calm the suff'rer's woes:
Prompt service e'er with warm professions blend;
To prove the real and not pretended friend.

XXXII.

Ye patriot hearts, who bold and fearless dared, (*k*)
Your nation's foes—and to the strife repaired ;
Where wounds and death your untried valor proved,
How well you fought and how your country loved.—
In war and peace, your worth as soldiers—men—
Hist'ry records—and every Patriot's pen
And tongue shall eulogise—with honors while,
Blest freedom reigns or beauty wreathes a smile !
Ye rising bands ! ne'er be your ardor stayed,
But onward soar to Fame, still undismayed ;
And pitying smile, at each forbidding frown,
That *sordid self* may give, to bear you down,

XXXIII.

Thy FAIR, sweet town,—who light the soul's first fire,
Who e'er has seen—and saw not to admire ?—
If *one* there is—or was—or time shall see,
His sight and soul must blind and callous be.
By ART adorned—by NATURE doubly graced,
Each charm beams thro' a rich but simple taste ;
And Heaven more kind than nature, taste or art,
To each has giv'n an angels gen'rous heart.
Long may'st thou flourish, warm and friendly town,
And prosp'rous grow in wealth and fair renown ;
Nor WANT,—may e'er, thy sons or daughters know,
While APPOMATTOX's tides shall *ebb* or *flow*.

XXXIV.

For smile nor favor, does the Bard here write,
Weak as his muse, they ne'er controll'd its flight;
Nor int'rest won from him a flatt'ring strain,
To please the giddy or delight the vain.
And fearless still, he'll wend his humble way,
Nor own control, save gratitude's warm sway.
More black must be that wretch's heart than jett,
Who can pure friendship's favors e'er forget;
Nor is the winter's wind, though chill and rude,
Keen as the breath of cold ingratitude:
He who here tunes his Lyre, in praises drest,
Speaks but the feelings of his glowing breast.

XXXV.

Upon thy banks sweet Appomottox, roved,
The Indian maid who but too fondly loved;
Fair POCAHONTAS, of exalted mind,
And race as noble as her heart was kind.
When years on years, on fleeting wings have roll'd,
Her "true love tale," with tears shall oft be told;
And list'ning ears her mem'ry still respect,
Mourn o'er her fate and pity her neglect.
While yet she hoped, oft at the midnight hour,
On summer eve, she stole from her green bower,
With bow in hand and mantle o'er her flung,
She wand'ring sigh'd or to the MOON thus sung:

I.

I love thee sweet ORB—in thy beauty now beaming,
Mild emblem of peace and queen of the night;
Upon my warm bosom thy calm looks are gleaming,
But ah! they view not my bosom's delight:
Oh! not like thy course is its love ever ranging,
As vestal's fire pure so burns its first flame;
Nor yet as thy face, will it ever be changing,
A hundred new moons shall find it the same! (*l*)

II.

I love the WHITE WARRIOR from over the water,
He's brave in the fight and kind to his foe;
And the heart that is these, will slight not the daughter
Of the RED CHIEFTAN who bears the strong bow;
The Necklace he gave me is the color of heav'n, (*m*)
Our priests oft tell us that all there is *love*;
And sure 'tis not wrong, when the power is giv'n,
That *Earth* should be like the *regions above!*

III.

I'll weave for my love a gay Wampum belt shining,
With bright coral shells, so lovely and fair;
And I'll bind him a Crest together entwining,
Th' Pelican's plumage with my waving hair.
O! then to him quick, I smiling will bear them,
On his brow and arms, my hands shall them braid;
That when he's away the FAIR WARRIOR may wear them
And look and remember his DARK INDIAN maid!

XXXVI.

Thus sang the Princess as she roved along,
Among the hills which echoed back her song;
But *him*, for whom *her* chaste affections burned,
Ne'er from his breast, love's echoing notes returned:
O! Smith—thy heart, if ever thou hadst one,
Was made of adamant or ice cold stone!
A virgin's tend'rest love, pure as the flow,
Of Æther's tide could ne'er awake one glow;
Nor favors great, as man could wish or name,
Rouse in thy breast a warm returning flame:
'Tis wond'rous then—that Nature ever gave—
Being to one, so *heartless*—yet so *brave!*

XXXVII.

What dangers SMITH for thee, did she not dare?
What toilsome marches for thy service bear?
What risks ran not, against a Parent's will,
In *ev'ry need*, thy guardian angel still!—
When thou a captive to the block wast led,
How bold—how quick—she to the rescue sped?
Thy *last* pray'r was said—and thy death song, sung,
The war-whoop trembled on each savage tongue;
To give the signal when thy mortal foe,
Upon thy head should deal the fatal blow;
She sprung and saved thee from impending Fate—
One moment more and it had been too late, (*n*)

XXXVIII.

And *yet*, thou couldst not love her,—cruel man!
Nor heed the tears which o'er her features ran,
Her bosom's heave—her eyes benignant play,—
Soft as the streamlets wave, or star's mild ray:
But feigning death cross'd the dark ocean's wave,
Leaving to weep o'er thy imagined grave, (*c*)
Her who, to save thy life oft risked her own,
And should have lived and died with thee alone!—
MUSE OF THE FREE! from dreams of love awake—
To *bolder* flights,—thou canst no *sweeter* take,—
Virginia's noble deeds and noble men,
Claim the warm notice of the tuneful pen.

XXXIX.

When mankind's rights were wide asunder riven,
And they by num'rous wrongs to war were driven;
See *first* among the foremost of the band,
Virginia's sons with fearless ardor stand:
And *these* were they, who roused the patriot fire,
Which from the bosom burst of many a sire;
To light their sons—and guide them to the field,
To bid them fight and die—but never yield!
And while the Bard his humble tribute pays,
To the immortal men of other days;
He will remember too, the living worth,
Which has survived or since those days had birth.

XL.

These be his pleasing and his noblest tasks,
And this ye Gods! the boon he humbly asks;
That while his theme shall bear the pen along,
Be *praise where just*—the burthen of his song
If *ill* is cherished where the *good's* forgot,
The *last* be sung—the *first* remembered not
For NOBLE acts should over EVIL live,
What man cannot *forget*—he should *forgive.*
How weak his muse and how confined its flight,
Let no base flatt'ry on its wings alight—
How poor his line—if its true value's *nought*—
Yet be that line *too rich*, e'er to be *bought.*

XLI.

LIKE the young Lion ere he knows his strength,
Lives in, inglorious ease;—and stretched at length,
Beneath the palm trees shade in torrid zone,
Sleeps through the day and breathes unheard, alone,
Till the approach of some bold mortal foe,
Nerves his great frame and wakes his rage's glow;
He looks—he leaps—he fights—and his wild roar,
Proclaims him victor and the battle o'er—
So HENRY, listless dwelt in wild abode,
Till WANT—(a cruel, but oft needed goad;)
Arous'd his mind—made it with ardor burn,
To meet—to combat—and to overturn!

XLII.

As op'ning morn's obscured by gloomy clouds,
Which hide the Sun and Heaven's grandeur shrouds;
So was his great, his bright and noble soul,
Hidden for years, by sloth's inert control:
But not so splendid, Sol's most glorious ray,
When winged winds bear the dark clouds away;
Than was his mind—when from its gloomy night,
It burst, to shine, in majesty and might!
Tyranny sunk—as rose his manly form,
Bigotry fled for shelter from the storm,
Which swelling from his matchless tongue was hurl'd,
To free a NATION that should awe the WORLD!

XLIII.

'Twas his to scan the face and read the heart,
Then touch its tend'rest chords by nicest art;
With bolder language and less prying gaze,—
To light its fires and deepest feelings raise:
To bind with reason's more than magic sway,
And lead at ease the captive sense away;
His was the thunder's voice o'er earth to roll,
His too, the lightning which could rive the soul;
And never was a bolt from highest heav'n,
With more astounding force to mortals driven;
Than when his country's rights be loud proclaimed,
And "GIVE ME LIBERTY OR DEATH"—exclaimed

XLIV.

Scarce had these words been hurl'd from HENRY's tongue,
Ere they were caught and far and wide were rung:
Such was their force—and such their magic charm,
That age grew young and valor nerved each arm—
The PEOPLE rose in all their strength and might,
Prepar'd—advanced—and triumph'd in the fight:
Sunder'd their chains—dragged tyrant Pow'r down,
And scorning—trampled on its shiver'd crown.
Among ten thousand hearts who fearless rose,
To die for Freedom or o'erturn its foes.—
First WASHINGTON—a great—a Godlike man,
Led on to vict'ry—in his Country's van.

XLV.

His name still awes the soul while it inspires—
The Bard, to rouse his first and purest fires;
And with just praise, deep adoration blend,
For him, our country's saviour—mankind's friend.
THE mountain rearing to the clouds its head,
The rock broad based on ocean's briny bed;
Round which the battl'ing elements engage,
To hurl their lightnings and to vent their rage;
Ne'er stood more firm beneath the thunders crash,
The tempests roar or wild wave's rolling dash,
Than did his great, his all commanding form,
Amid the shocks of Revolution's Storm!

XLVI.

By Mars inspired to grace the tented field,
Heaven blest his arms and was his constant shield ; (*)
Unsway'd by power or wild ambitious pride,
A grateful people chose him for their guide :
He ruled—his acts were just, loved and admired,
Resigning sway, he to his plough retired :—
A chief we reverenced and a friend we loved,
In dangers tryed and in misfortunes proved :
Nor tow'ring eloquence, nor boldest lays,—
Could speak his worth, or half express his praise?
In our warm hearts his MONUMENT shall be,
And written there his fadeless EULOGY.

XLVII.

Long as the stream of time shall onward roll,
Long as a heart shall beat, or warm a soul,—
With patriot thought or freedom's glowing fire ;
Or 'gainst oppression, feel revengeful ire.
So long his name, his fame, his worth shall stand,
The boast—the pride—the glory of this land.
Some future day—nor distant far the time,
Pilgrims shall come from many a foreign clime,
To the blest spot where his loved ashes lay,
Their soul-felt tributes of respect to pay :—
And priest shall kneel and warrior doff his plume,
Whene'er they pass the matchless Hero's tomb.

XLVIII.

Behold! next Monticello's deep read sage,
HIMSELF a VOLUME and each *thought* a PAGE
Which bears the record of a matchless mind;
Where envious eye no blemish e'er could find,
Nor malice point one leaf, stain'd or unsound,
But perfect all;—in simple greatness bound.
As when his daily course has nearly run,
We view the beauteous evening's cloudless Sun—
While yet his parting rays upon us play,
To gild the scenes, from which he sinks away;
So sets the sage—each thought of his great mind,
Beams to illumine those he leaves behind.

XLIX.

And when, illustrious man—thy race is o'er,
When thy Sun sets—on Earth to rise no more;
Thou'lt leave behind thee still, a beaming light,
To cheer the mind and wide dispel its night:
An EDIFICE which to commence and rear, (*q*)
Has been thy heart's great wish and age's care.
On that—VIRGINIA looks with anxious eyes,
There rests her hope—for it her prayers arise;
While fancy paints the future calm retreat,
Of learning, science, and the muses' seat—
And coming day when its far sounded name,
Shall rival Cambridge or an Oxford's fame,

L.

To charm the soul with heav'nly truths divine,
From thence, some Barrow or great Blair may shine ; (*y*)
To mend the heart and raise it to the skies,
Some MILTON bold or COWPER sweet may rise ;
And deeper still in dark creation's womb,
Some NEWTON's eye may penetrate the gloom ;
Or Herschell's scan, and point the distant place,
Where a new planet, rolls through other space.
Nurtur'd within its walls some NOBLE MIND,
May burst the chains, by which it is confin'd ;
And from the *lowest*—rise to heights sublime,
The theme of ev'ry tongue—in ev'ry clime !

LI.

This scene which fancy draws and time will see,
Virginia owes, great JEFFERSON, to thee :
As some wide stream—smooth from its very source,
Rolls on its waveless and unbroken course ;
So has thy life—so still its current speeds,
Calm in thy *way*—*consistent* in thy *deeds*.
While Freemen's rights—to Freemen shall be dear,
While man shall lib'ral principles revere,
While stands the deathless scroll which thou hast penn'd,
While lore and science have on Earth a friend ;
So long the meed of praise to thee they'll give,
So long—immortal Sage—thy name will live.

LII.

In sweet seclusion 'mid MONTPELIER's shades,
Where NATURE's face, ART's finest touch upbraids;
Virginians look and learn with pride to prize,
Sage MADISON—the polish'd, good and wise.
From pow'r retired—its loss, he can't deplore,
Its honors reap'd—he thinks of it no more;
But dwells on his sweet farm in classic ease,
His pride and pleasure, to instruct and please:
Admired—reverenc'd, and by all beloved,
Correct thrnugh life—his acts stand self-approved;
In one bright character we see him blend,
The Statesman,—Scholar,—Farmer—and the Friend.

LIII.

As the calm steersman on the mountain wave,
When storms gush down and whirlwinds round him rave;
Stands faithful to his high—important post,
And guides the vessel thus by tempests tost—
Safely to port—where it secure may ride,
Unhurt by Nature's shocks or Ocean's tide—
So MADISON, unmov'd—stood at the helm,
When WAR and FACTION's storms swept o'er the realm;
(And *this* by *force* and *that* by *traitrous* act,
Tried to o'ercome—divide and to distract';)
And ever watchful, faithful—wise and true,
Steer'd his endanger'd Country safely through.

LIV.

Surrounded now—by all that can endear,
Life's lustre wanes—but still his MIND is clear:
Through it he looks as if by second sight,
And views while his warm soul glows with delight,—
The future greatness of his Native Land,
Rising by rapid steps and marches grand;
To heights of glory and exalted Fame,
Few can conceive—and *none* yet dare to name!
SAGE—of enlighten'd mind and classic pen,
Thou finished scholar and the best of men;
Accept the honest—but unpolished lays,
Of him who sings in courtless strains thy praise.

LV.

From toil of office, and its troubles free,
MONROE—the muse here turns to welcome thee;
And in retirement's calm pursuits, now prays,
That peace may bless the ev'ning of your days:
When *Tyranny*—o'er us, its legions led,—
You fought for Freedom, and for it you bled;
Your soul was fir'd and your young arm was nerv'd,
Laurels you won—and laurels well deserved.
If since that day—there's aught by thee been done,
In which VIRGINIA did not view her *Son*;
The deed's forgot—the record blotted o'er,
Ne'er to be written or remembered more.

LVI.

By a free people's choice—ne'er yet misplaced,
In th' Nation's councils which he long has graced;
(And where long may he shine each year to win,
Fresh honors as his whit'ning locks grow thin;)
See RANDOLPH stands—a fair unsullied name, (*s*)
Dear to his country and to honest Fame.
The able champion of our Southern rights,
He them defends in bold triumphant flights:
His reas'ning clear—its force he wields with skill,
His wit—the keenest—which he deals at will;
Nor *that* the more—nor *this* the less his *fort*.
With each confutes—or gives the sharp retort.

LVII.

BARBOUR—of great and highly cultured mind, (*t*)
With soul as noble as his taste's refined;
Stands high among VIRGINIA's greatest men,
And claims a tribute from each honest pen.
His ev'ry deed—bears a *Virginian's* stamp,
His purpose form'd—nought can it thwart or damp
No selfish views—his actions e'er control,
Philanthrophy—the mainspring of his soul.
Wherever plac'd, his brilliant talents shine,
In Council wise and in debate divine;
Nor *here* more pleasing—nor was *there* more great,
But *charmed* a SENATE as he *ruled* a STATE.

LVIII.

Hail SCOTT! the young, the gallant and the brave, (*u*)
Who dar'd the battle's storm and warrior's grave;
Encircled by the wreathes your valor won,
This country claims you as a loyal Son;
VIRGINIA owns with pride she gave you birth,
And FAME and BEAUTY—each reward thy worth.
Wing on your course to glory's grandest height,
Ten Millions see—and Heav'n shall guard thy flight—
Smile on your path—and with admiring eyes,
View in your actions as you boldly rise;
Love for your country—and a zealous care,
To raise her name and guard from wrong her FAIR.

LIX.

Brave HARRISON! Whose worth a lustre wears,
Excell'd by none—the earth has hid or bears;
Deep in the West—far from his native State,
Now lives in peace retired—happy as great.
Though *rarely* mentioned and by *some* forgot,
What hand, his NAME, can from FAME's record blot;
What tongue or pen—assassin like shall dare,
To place a stain or print a tarnish there?—
Long may he live—but not *unhonor'd* long,
Such worth deserves more than the lauding song;
Nor should be left, by time to be destroyed,
Cank'ring with age and rusting unemploy'd.

LX.

Ye Powers That Be—where is your gratitude,
For those—whose blood, has proved their servitude
In hours of need?—who time and treasure lost,
Pains without number—and toil without cost;
To brave each danger by the "field and flood"—
And die if needful, for their country's good!—
Like him whose name, but now—was sung,
This Country's Genius, with a mournful tongue;
Tells of full many a meritorious one—
Worth rich rewards for noble service done;
Who live neglected—die disregarded,
Their dust forgot—service unrewarded!

LXI.

While o'er their heads, the sycophantic fool,
Intriguing knave and soft and pliant tool;
Are up the paths of office—freely led,
And for their meanness, on its bounties fed?
Fir'd at the sight, and fill'd with burning ire,
Justice descends and breathes a breath of fire;
Sparkling with nameless fierceness her keen eye,
(Oft hid on Earth, but ever bright on High;)
Surveys the scene;—then with her bandage lower'd,
Full half she draws, her fiercely gleaming sword;
And knits her brows as half she speaks *that word*,
Beneath which, Earth shall tremble—when 'tis heard!

LXII.

What *that* WORD is—it boots not much to tell,
Great CÆSAR bled—when on his ears it fell ;—
And where oppression and *corruption* reign,
Some BRUTUS bold, should *speak* and *strike* again.
O ! for that day to come, when o'er the Earth,
HONORS shall be reserved alone for WORTH ;
When insolence, shall not bear virtue down,
And merit stand dishearten'd by a frown :—
But stay, my pen—and bow to calmer sway,
Nor waste in wishes or regrets away ;
The page, for better purposes designed,
To sing of ACTION—and to paint the MIND.

LXIII.

Not *all* VIRGINIA's Sons of lustrous Fame,
Could the tongue speak, or tireless pen here name ;
Those who grave councils or brave armies led ;
Her TAZEWELL's living—LEE's and NELSON's dead. (v)
Her soil bears thousands which no Herald's tongue,
Has e'er pronounc'd, or lauding poet sung ;
Ten thousands sleep in cold unhonor'd graves,
Thousands are borne upon dark Ocean's waves ;
And not *a few*, in each far foreign clime,
Forget their homes and waste a useful prime :
Return, ye truant Sons ! return and give,
This land your hearts, and in her annals live !

LXIV.

Some seek renown in the red field of Mars,
And risk for hero's bays, deep wounds and scars
Some of more soft, but not more gen'rous hearts,
Pursue the peaceful and the pleasing arts ;—
In Galen's steps there treads full many a Son,
Content to live for others' weal alone ;
Rather than wounds inflict, or death-blows give
By matchless skill, bids suff'ring mortals live !
To reap his harvests and to till his fields,
The Farmer guides his plough or sickle wields
Breathes with delight, to view the furrow'd soil,
And loves each hand—blacken'd by honest toil.

LXV.

Her Bench unrival'd and her Bar unmatch'd,
Virginia's legal rights are ably watch'd ;
Justice presides with such majestic brow,
Victors exult not when the vanquish'd bow ;
But each content, submitting bends the knee,
Nor smiles nor murmurs at the just decree.
Wise,—independent and sublimely great,
Has been thy course—noble, exalted State :
Triumphs elate not, nor defeats dismay,
Resign'd when others bear the palm away ;
Joins in no discord nor fierce broils approve,
But, for each *sister* feels a *sister's* love,

LXVI.

Not in VIRGINIA's lowland scenes alone,
Is all her worth and shining talent known;
Not to her CITIES grand, alone confin'd,
All trace of Beauty and all store of mind;
There's not a spot however rude and wild,
Where treads not some upright and honest child;
Glowing with love, warm for his country's weal,
As proudest tongues may speak, or hearts can feel.
In many a village fair, and lonely cot,
In rural scene and wild sequest'red spot;
There blooms and blushes lovelier, sweeter FLOWERS,
Than Spring e'er knew or Summer wash'd with showers.

LXVII.

Among those scenes where life's first breath I drew,
And youthful joys and transient pleasures flew;
Dwells many a mountain lass of modest air,
Chaste as DIANA and as VENUS fair:—
With golden locks, whose matchless beauty vie
With morning's tints spread on the azure sky;
They o'er the fields of fragrant clover rove,
Cheeks, beaming health—and blue eyes, lightning love!—
O! may their cheeks, ne'er faded be by care,
Their lots be pleasing as the smiles they wear;
New joys arise as opens each new day,
And life's sweet tide roll'd in delights away.

LXVIII.

Ye hardy SONS, of forest, field and chase,
Ye brave, ye noble, and unyielding race;
For you, your native Bard now strikes his lyre,
Your *worth* a theme, which coldest hearts inspire;
On wings of thought, his soul swift flying meets,
Ye MOUNTAINEERS,—and each a brother greets,
With manly heart—and spirit bold and free,
As ever ranged a wood or fell'd a forest tree.
Blunt but not rude—polite but not refined,
Faultlessly honest, and to excess—kind;
Each house is open, and each store displayed,
To shield a friend, or give the needy aid.

LXIX.

How oft at dawn of still and lovely morn,
Ye grasp the rifle or ye wind the horn;
Range o'er the hills or mount the mettled steed,
Health in your pace and pleasure in your speed.
Beneath the deadly weapon's whistling ball,
The rugged Bears or bounding Roe-bucks fall;
Before the hound—in vain, swift Reynard flies,
By chase exhausted, he submits and dies.
Your game secur'd "HO TALLY HO!" shouts all,
Meet at the Board of some friend's open Hall;
Where you, with hearts at ease, elate and gay,
Feast out the day, and laugh the night away.

LXX.

Oft too, assembled at some festive scene,
Are sportive youths and rosy damsels seen;
In cheerful groups, arranged for rural plays,
Each to amuse and please, their best, essays.
No deep, heart burning rivalry is here,
No brow that wears a conscious mark of care;
Kind feelings in each breast and bosom reign,
And love and friendship animate the train:
How glows the heart, and bright's the eye's quick glance,
To see them winding in the healthful dance?—
Joy light's each step and beams on ev'ry face,
While mirth supplies what e'er they lack in grace:—

LXXI.

And seated round them, are the calm and aged,
In close discourse,—or are perchance engaged,
Viewing some daughter fair, or fav'rite son;
Footing it light, as oft themselves had done.
And roused at last, by the inspiring sight,
Grey headed sires and stricken dames unite;
While their light steps, (though deep in life's decline,)
Prove still their tastes for scenes of "*Auld Lang Syne.*"
Ye mountain youths! O! long, long may you live,
And bounteous Heav'n, each needful blessing give.
Ye aged! health be your lots, your heart's pulse warm,
Till earth—and earthly scenes have ceas'd to charm!

LXXII.

VIRGINIANS BRAVE! your young Bard's song is o'er,
His Harp is still—perhaps, to sound no more;
Unless your smiles should wake its notes again,
In a more *smooth*,—but ne'er more *heartfelt* strain.
Some faults he has—experience will remove,
He waits your voice, condemn him or approve;
Frowns will destroy—smiles better ends subserve;
The *last* he courts *not*, where he may'nt deserve;
But scorns alike, the *praise* that would him crown,
At truth's expense:—and the *cold pedant's frown*—
Who ne'er unbends his phiz, dull, dark and long,
Save when he finds, and points out something wrong

LXXIII.

Or if indifference, be his luckless lot,
His line neglected and his name forgot—
Or should he fall, beneath Fate's reckless blow,
At dawn of life,—laid unregretted low;
Hear his last charge, warm from his inmost soul,
As thought can come, or heartfelt sentence roll.
LET no VIRGINIAN, ever meanly bend,
To shun a FOE, or gain a single FRIEND;
Never desert, in deed, or in debate,
The rights, and honors of his native State;
And *this* the motto be,—the firm sesolve of all,
Here Freedom *first* arose—and here it *last* shall fall.

FINIS.

ROGER CLODDY,

OR

BEWARE OF AN

IGNIS FATUUS;

TO THE READER.

As every action which man performs must bear with it a prompting motive, so the inducements which lead the Hero of the following Tale to pursue the "Will O'the Wisp" are made to consist of curiosity in the first place to ascertain its nature; and secondly, anger and revenge, at experiencing a woful disappointment in his expectations. Notwithstanding the opinions of the superstitious to the contrary, it would be preposterous to assert among enlightened individuals, that a body of self-ignited vapor had such power over the human mind and body as to govern and control them against their wills, with an absolute and unlimited sway. Such, however, is the opinion of many among the unenlightened classes of mankind, and in several instances known of their following the "Jack Wi'Lanthorn"—they have all concurred in the declaration "that they were totally unable to extricate themseves from its influence, until it voluntarily disappeared." In this however, there is no doubt of their being mistaken; and I have always credited their adventures, to *curiosity* among the bold, & *fear* among the timorous—making large deductions from the sum total, of their misfortunes, for the talent at exaggeration, with which those persons are

generally endowed, who often meet with strange sights and unusual occurrences.

The description of the *Will o'the Wisp*," is true to nature, so far as the author has confined himself to that subject particularly.—His reader however must excuse him for having occasionally deviated from it, and taken up others, which he hopes will prove equally as interesting, if not so amusing.

ROGER CLODDY.

It was as dark and damp a night,
As e'er befel poor luckless wight,
On which, to be away from home in,
Or to his home, to have to come in;
When this *true* tale which we relate,
Had its developement and date.
Not the deep darkness of the tomb,
Exceeded much the low'ring gloom;
Which over nature's surface spread,
That eve when twilight's tints had fled.

Sultry it was, and not a breeze,
Swept o'er the Earth or fan'd the trees;
Save that which from the burning South,
Seem'd whisper'd from Æolus' mouth; (*a*)
A soft, scarce felt, soul sick'ning wind,
And pestilential heat combined:
Which borne upon wide spreading wings,
Northward its dire influence brings;
And like the Anaconda's breath,
Surrounds us with disease and death! (*b*)
But leaving all such disquisitions,
To philosophers or wise physicians;

Whose talents lead them deep to dive,
Into the things, by which they thrive ; (c)
We'll to *our* point, and say, such night,
Be call'd a Jack-Wi'Lanthorn" night,
And *one* indeed, it chanc'd to prove,
Marked by mishaps and luckless love ;
By disappointments and disgrace ;—
Of which we'll speak in proper place,
For oft told wonders would grow stale,
So to the HERO of our TALE.

Among those scenes far in the West,
Where nature's in her grandeur drest ;
There stands at foot of tow'ring hill,
An old, but still frequented Mill ;
Turn'd by a limpid stream and pure,
Whose pebbled bed and grass deckt shore,
And surface smooth when frozen o'er—
Are oft the scenes of sportive joys,
To truant lads and miller boys ;
Who from their ruling guardians free,
In smiling groups you here may see ;—
On summer's day, like dolphin's swim,
On winter's o'er its surface skim ;
Upheld and borne on fluted steel,
They seem to speed on fairy heel :
Swifter than Ships before the wind,
Swift as the thought flies thro' the mind ;
Swift as our earth born pleasures fly,
So swift they pass reviewing eye!

'Twas here Clod reigned with tyrant's sway,
Lord of his Mill by *night* and day;
In form, a man—in mind, a brute,
Will scarce his own, yet absolute.
O'er each one under his command,
He ruled with high and heavy hand;
Forcing t' pursue, *his* end or aim,
Which right or wrong 'twas all the same;
In person, Hodge was six feet high,
With shrivelled face and saffron eye;
A short thick neck and shoulders round,
Arms which an ell, would scarcely bound;
And sapling shanks that seem'd to dwindle
On distant view, to size of spindle.
But why should I waste precious time,
To paint this Hero in dull rhyme;
His beauties or his faults here scan,
When all perhaps have known the man?
And if not him some other Cloddy,
Like him in soul, if not in body,—
No doubt each gentle reader's seen,
For mother Nature (wanton Queen!)
In her wild freaks of merry play,
Makes thousands like him ev'ry day!

Where is the heart so icy cold,
That ne'er by secret links took hold,
Of other hearts—with them to blend,
As a companion or a friend?

Where is the man in nature known,
So dull, so heartles, blind a drone :
Who ne'er has yet with feelings warm,
Own'd beauty's, more than magic charm !
Nor felt that chaste unearthly glow,
Which strikes the soul with ardor through ;
Excited by some Angel's face,
And Angel's heart—of mortal race !
'how me the wretch ! if such there be,
how me the soulless—selfish *He* ;
And I with deepest dye will stain,
The front of this unfeeling Cain ;
From Beauty's Eden him expel,
In some wild desert Nod to dwell ;
Where marked and known each savage clan,
Shall learn to shun and hate the man.

E'en Clod's—poor thimble full of heart!
Had been deep pierced by Cupid's dart ;
And he for many a weary hour,
Had borne love's yoke and own'd its pow'r :
Or said he had—('twas all the same,)
And *this*—the object of his flame
Who though no *Angel*,' save of fire !
Was one whom mortals might admire.

From Hodge's mill, miles three or four,
Perhaps 'twas less or like 'twas more ;
There dwelt a stirring, buxom dame,
Call'd thrifty Meggy Munns by name.

In life Meg was full well to do,
Had land and sheep and horses too,
Of dairy gear she kept good store,
And fowls, some fifty brace or more ;
Good cheese she made, and butter churned,
And tho' in *sentiment* unlearned,
Or the *soft* language of the eyes,
Baked wholesome mince and apple pies.
Of Arts,—she knew a score or so ;—
Could reap—or bind or rake or mow ; (*d*)
Handle with skill the winnow seive,
Warm Jeans or linsey woolsey weave ;
Cut out a garment that would fit ;
Could cotton spin and stockings knit,
And as to make or mend or patch,
The country never own'd her match ?
In short she could do fifty things,
Which many a glit'ring penny brings,
To those who learn to cut and shift,
For worldly geer and shining thrift.

In height Meg was not short or tall,
Yet could she not be rated small,
As— * * * * * * * * * *,
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * !
Then had you seen the damsel drest
Caparisoned in all her best ;
Heavens ! what a feast to prying sight
Of Antiquarians, who delight

To scrutinise old fashioned things,
Costume—beads and mammoth rings!
Her gown of ancient Calico,
Made both for "service and for show,"
Had gaudy blossoms o'er it spread,
Large as the sunflower's golden head:
And sprigs which gaily did entwine,
As Ivy green, or spreading vine.
And then so prim her bib and tucker!
No frill awry or useless pucker;
But all with utmost care adjusted,
For Meg no careless maid e'er trusted;
"But said 'twas best that her commands,
"Should e'er be done by her own hands;
"And then she always surely knew,
"If they were ill or well got through!"
And she in custom's long despite,
In her opinion here was right.—
For if we wish, a thing *well done*,
We should not trust to *any one*;
Nor countenance assistant elves,
But execute the task ourselves.

Thus in her finery arrayed,
We may survey this bouncing maid;
Who had been comely in her time,
But really now had past her prime.
And what with toil and what with care,
Her face was somewhat worse for wear;

A half decayed—a missing tooth,
Which had been sound and white in youth;
Her forehead mark'd by many a wrinkle,
And here and there a scatter'd sprinkle
Of frost touch'd hair—in view were seen,
To tell time *was* and time *had been*.
In looks, Meg was most passing mild,
And seem'd as harmless as a child;
Her words came out like honey'd balm,
Or flowing oil, or river calm,—
Bearing her friendly feelings warm:
But 'twas the sea before a storm!
Which rous'd—loud rung its dinning rage,
And doom to those who dared engage;
(Whether 'twas man, or maid, or wife,)
With Meg in murd'rous wordy strife:
For such a fierce unbridled tongue,
Never before in mouth was hung;
Its edge, no Joiner's tool could bevil,
Its clatter would astound the devil!

Such was the lass our Hero loved,
Tho' it was never fairly proved
If Roger Clod the doughty Miller,
Loved Meggy most—or Meggy's siller:
For he, ('twas said) in modern fashion,
But feign'd, or tried to feign a passion,
And all pretence to win *herself*,
Sought but to gain the damsel's *pelf*!

O, curse the love that's won by gold,
Curse on the heart that's bought and sold;
Curse on the man—curse on his name,
Who makes the paltry trash his aim;
When seeking that best boon of life,
A good—a fair—a virtuous wife!
His nuptial torch may dæmons light,
His ev'ry hope may Heaven blight;
May visions dire by night and day,
Surround his couch and haunt his way;
May wants eternal—ope his purse,
And wealth itself—be made his curse!

But for the man, whose actions prove,
That female merit wins his love;
His be the joy and happiness,
Which Hymen with his torch shall bless;
His be the sleep secure and sound,
His be the hopes and wishes crown'd;
His be the board where plenty reigns,
Won by his honest toil and pains;
To him, be ev'ry favor given
Belov'd on Earth and bless'd by Heav'n!

When man's attach'd to lovely woman,
He likes to give his place to no-man;
For as the lass he'd wish to win,
Nor would be beat by whippers in;
Both his affection and his pride,
Prompts him to keep close by her side.

And heart and heart, when they are join'd,
Are with each other so entwined;
That parting puts them ill at ease,
So to restore their wonted peace;
They will in spite of wind or weather,
Contrive some plan to get together!
And let it hail or rain or snow,
Or furious Northwest tempests blow;
It was the custom of our wight,
To visit Meg each Sunday night!
The week when past—his toil was o'er,
The Sabbath dawn'd on fast closed door;
(Though something like the stifled din,
Of grinding might be heard within;)
And Hodge like owls that shun the light,
Kept in his den and out of sight;
Until the bright and golden sun,
His shining course through space had run;
And his last dimly beaming ray,
Ceasing on Mountain tops to play;
Proclaim'd the close of fleeting day—
When he crept from his hiding place,
To show to darkness, such a face;
As should be viewed by night alone,
And only to the night be known.

Thus week on week, with him rolled by,
Until it brought that eve when I,
Have to record his tale of woe,
Which to begin I first must show,
How Hodge prepar'd himself to go:—

With meal brush'd out of coat and hat,
A new white shirt and red cravat;
Shorts, not the worse because homespun,
Or that broad stripes across them run;
With yellow vest, and stockings blue,
He was in trim, fair Meg to woo:
Or rather to sing old songs o'er,
For Clod had woo'd her long before;
But like unfinish'd tasks begun,
The doughty dame he'd never won:—
Whether 'twas Hodge's want of sense,
Or his great want of eloquence;
Whether he lack'd those pleasing arts,
Which charm all souls and win all hearts;
Or what it was—none e'er could guess,
Which caus'd with Meg—his bad success.

But it appears this time he went,
With purpose form'd and firm intent;
Either that she should to him yield,
The long contested battle-field;
Or should his suit at once deny,
And give him all the reasons why.—

And now, with shame, it must be said,
Clod was of Meg somewhat afraid;
Although bred up amongst the noise,
Of milling wheels and miller boys;
Yet well he knew (tho' loud they rung,)
They were not like to Meggy's tongue:

Beneath whose far superior sound,
Such little clattering was drown'd.
Accordingly his wit to back,
And help to bear the night's attack;
The "monkey jug" from hole in jamb,
He fingered out and took a dram!
Then from the keg in closet bye,
Quick emptied out a fresh supply;
That he his thirst might slake, and stay
His cravings too upon the way.

'Tis wise that trav'lers of condition,
Should carry such good ammunition;
And Clod well pleased with finish'd job,
Slipped the charged weasel in his fob;
And thus prepar'd, direct set out,
To pace once more his oft trod rout.
An hour's good journeying or so,
The lusty gate that Hodge could go;
O'er woody hill and barren moor,
Brought him to knock at Meggy's door.
It would be tedious to rehearse,
In flowing prose much less stiff verse;
The many sidelong nods and winks,
The glowing smiles and knowing blinks;
Which at the meeting here did pass,
Between this laddie and his lass;
(Or rather, from our Clod alone,
For Meggy made but few or none;)

But there indeed were many more,
Than have been since or were before;
More too perhaps than now well could,
Be by each reader understood:—

It would be too, full well as vain,
For bard to try in tuneful strain;
To sing of all the dainties nice,
Which Meg serv'd up with quaint device;
The cakes she baked, the cheese she toasted,
The chickens fryed, or stew'd or roasted;
Or meats in various fashions drest,
To feed, regale and please her guest.
And Hodge with many a blessing 'pon her,
To each full dish done ample honor;
And eat and drank, and drank and eat,
Till fulness forced him to retreat—
Not from the house, but from the table,
To set at which no longer able;
With trembling hand his seat drew near,
So Meg the hundredth time might hear;
His dull love tale rehearsed again,
And thus Hodge ope'd the night's campaign:

"Dear *wealthy*—no! dear *beauteous* Meg,
"Your pardon I most humbly beg;
"For drawing near to the vicinity,
"Of such a *rich*—no! *good* divinity,
"But like the magnet to the pole,
"Your lovely self attracts my soul;

"And just so constant and so true,
"As loadstone, have I been to you.
"Do not dear Meg then take amiss,
"That I should seek the matchless bliss ;
"Of worshipping one, *so* divine,
"At *Plutus*'—no! at *Beauty's* shrine!
"'Tis seven long years—doubly told,
("Like Jacob's servitude of old ;)
"Since I, fair Meg, your favor woo'd,
"But all in vain as yet I've sued ;
("For which my neighbors do me scoff ;)
"You've put me on and put me off,
"Till I will not"——Hodge 'gan to choke!
His sentence off, abrubtly broke ;
For he could read in Meggy's eyes,
A whirlwind storm about to rise ;
So quit his love tale in the middle,
Like Witch unfolding mystic riddle ;
Who tells a fourth or half at best
And leaves you to guess out the rest.

What more was thought or more was said,
We cannot write nor should be read ;
Suffice to say—tho' th' truth's unknown,
Hodge might more resolute have grown ;
And getting rid of his confusion,
Brought his *half sentence* to conclusion.
Be this however as it might,
Late had he made his stay this night ;

For goose and duck had gone to rest,
And pigeon sought its sleeping nest ;
Turkeys had took their lofty perch,
On beech tree tall or spreading birch ;
The sheep lay sleeping in their pens,
Ev'n silence reigned among the hens !
Nor low nor neigh from furnished stall,
Broke on the ear,—but silent all ;
The kine and steeds, in sleep profound,
Lay stretch'd at ease upon the ground.

Sound, will the stillest silence break,
Sound, will the deepest sleep awake ;
And at the gloomy midnight hour,
(When shrouded ghosts on earth have pow'r
To haunt *some* erring men and women,
Whose sins, if rivers, they might swim in !)
There issued forth from Meggy's door,
A wild confused and piercing roar ;
Of indistinct and Babel noise,
In which a shrill and anger'd voice ;
Held highest ground in warm debate,
And vow'd to break some brazen pate ;
Threaten'd in face, hot coals, to chouse,
If *some one* did not quit the house !
After this noise, nought was heard more,
Save op'ning and fast shutting door ;
Which must on Cloddy's ears have rung,
More pleasant far, than clatt'ring tongue !

'Twas then with slow and surly pace,
Our Hero show'd his rueful face;
Where could you read the phiz of dunce,
You might have fathomed out at once:
Something had passed he ill could brook,
In word or deed—or thought—or look;
For on his brow was mark'd a frown,
His nose turned up and lip hung down;
His mutt'ring speech was short and thick,
His step first slow, and then 'twas quick;
He whistled!—stood still!—then look'd back!—
Appearing something still to lack:
But what it was, fate has conceal'd,
For Hodge has ne'er the facts reveal'd;
Nor ever will!—But those deep read,
In mystic-lore and love have said,
That from the symptoms and the signs,
Which are recorded in these lines,
Clod, had some fav'rite hope disjointed,
Or was—a *lover* disappointed!

Now home had Hodge his way to wend,
Without companion or a friend;
Thro' deep cut roads of clay and mire,
And paths beset by vine and brier;
Thickets of brush and undergrowth,
And fallen trees—far worse than both;
As they perplex—cross and impede,
The course of man on foot or steed.

O'er these, our doughty hero went,
His strength, tho' not his patience spent;
Sometimes falling—sometimes stumbling,
Sometimes singing—sometimes grumbling;
And oft his skin and garments tearing;
But on the whole with meekness bearing,
A broken shin or wide rent robe,
With grace that would have honor'd Job!
O, save me from the passive fool,
The patient ass and dull soul'd mule;
Who cannot feel their honors prick'd,
When they are spur'd and cuff'd and kick'd;
And goaded on with keen rib-roast,
To bring them to the starting post!

From Clod's old mill, a short half mile,
Where worm'd a fence and rose a stile;
Was a long, deep, unwholesome marsh,
O'er-spread by thorn and brier harsh;
To which at length poor Hodge had got,
With labor hard and sore, I wot:—
"Down here I'll rest"—he panting said,
As on the *damp* green turf he laid!
For weary bones reck not their bed,
Nor hunger'd mouths scan close their bread;
The earth, to *these*—is oft a treat,—
To *those*—are palatably sweet;
The scanty crumb—the harden'd crust,
Or loaf grown stale from age and must!

How would some wretch the morsels hoard,
Which wealth oft washes from its board?
How would some freezing urchin bless,
The hand that gave a cast off dress?
How would some beggar, poor and old,
Your kindness sheltered from the cold;
Pour forth his inmost soul to bless,
And wish you health and happiness?
How would some suff'ring dame or wife,
Feel backward flow, receding life;
Did but the wealthy sex descend,
To heal their sorrows and befriend!

O! bless the gen'rous and the kind,
Who bear their fellows ills in mind;
And bearing till they cease to live,
Give them such aid as they can give?
For they are *Suns* within their *sphere*,
Whose rays dispel full many a care;
And long, when they have ceased to shine,
Their names should live in graven line!

Too long perhaps have we digress'd,
From weary Hodge we left at rest:
But 'tis e'er thus, some how or other,
Our pen, in work will make a pother;
And 'stead of keeping to the track,
Will turn aside or quite turn back;
Make to the right or left at start,
To chase a foolish, feeling heart,

'Gain then for Clod we tune the lay,
'Gain visit where the hero lay;
Resting in silence on the grass,
Musing, on what might chance to pass
Across his mind—or of past life,
He'd vainly spent to win a wife!

No doubt poor Clod, was deeply grieved,
That he should hope and be deceived;
But quite unlike the silly fool,
Who pistol takes to end his dool;
Or rope, to stop his madden'd breath,
In hopes to end his grief by death:
Hodge thought he'd better comfort take,
Than shoot himself or break his neck.
So from his fob he eager drew,
The flask whose virtues well he knew;
As he its cordial oft had tasted,
And many an hour o'er it wasted:
Sure pistol charg'd! tho' not with powder,
But that, which makes men talk far louder;
Than such small firelocks e'er could crack,
'Tis bottle charged with Apple-Jack! (*e*)

Soon mouth and neck was 'tween Clod's lips,
For he ne'er took small dainty sips;
But when the "Monkey Jug" was full,
Was sure to take a hearty pull—
And with such fervor did he raise,
His eyes this eye in liquor's praise;

That many with mistaken notion,
Had thought him at some grave devotion;
Or, if had shone, the moon and stars,
That he was searching some new Mars;
Or other planet which might be,
A new light in Astronomy:—
At last the hero ceased his drinking,
And fell again, in train of thinking.

No twinkling star shot forth a ray,
To guide a trav'ler on his way;
And nought was seen save glow-worm's gleam,
Or fireflies flit along the stream;
Which marked the confines of the bog,
This night obscur'd by gloomy fog.

No sound arose, save murd'rous note,
Swell'd from the tuneless bull-frog's throat;
A mutt'ring, hoarse, unearthly squeel,
Which ear may catch but soul not feel:—
Such notes I've heard some singers, sing,
Such notes I've heard Musicians bring;
Bawling the sounds from mouth or holes,
Thinking 'twas *music* to the souls
Of those who were obliged to bear,
Such jarring discords on the ear!
Oh, it cuts me to the very heart,
To hear APOLLO's fav'rite art;
Thus torn and scatter'd to the winds,
By those whose dull unseeing minds;

Urge them to sing with murd'rous breath,
And play all harmony to death!

Not *this* howe'er, did Hodge employ,
For he had heard when but a boy;
Full many a fearful story told,
Of goblins black and witches old;
Of elfins grim and fairies sweet,
And ghosts that walk'd in winding sheet;
Of sprites that turn'd to right nor left,
And men, of heads and hands bereft;
Who haunted Earth at midnight's hour,
Obedient to some ruling pow'r,
Who bids them from their dungeons creep,
Deny'd their last and death-bought sleep!

Of these, thought Clod with double force,
For 'twas the time for them or worse;
On Earth with fearful mein to stalk,
And execute their troubled walk:—
When all at once his brightening wit,
On something new, seem'd to have hit;
For stretching wide his owl-like eyes,
He tried to look exceeding wise;
(If such be called that vacant stare—
Or gape, which dwells alone on air;)
And half essay'd his mind to speak,
But seem'd too fearful or too weak:
But 'twas not *these*, but a strong doubt,
Which kept his words from drawling out;

A doubt, which tho' asham'd to own,
Had with him from his cradle grown :—
At last they came. "Can it be so,
(Our hero said) "that such things do ;
"On Earth e'er come in mortal's way,
"To lead him from his path astray ;
"Thro' swamps of thorn and bramble brier,
"And marshy fens of brush and mire ;
"Thro' streams of deep and dashing flood,
"And groves of tangled underwood ?—
"I vow—I think it very odd,
"That men should after such things plod ;
"When 'tis so sure that in the chase,
"They'll meet but bruises and disgrace :
"I would not do it—(so he thought,)
"Tho' I Meg Munns for wife have sought,
"With heart and soul these fourteen years,
"And braved as many storms and jeers ;
"As might make up (with gentle patchings,)
"For all the duckings, falls and scratchings ;
"Which stories say attend those wights,
"Who chase the Jack W)'Lanthorn lights ;
"That is to-say, if such things are,
"On earth so dang'rous though so fair ;
"They must be (if they be at all ;)
"The worn-out stars which downward fall ;
"Amid the swamps and bogs about,
"To shine a while and then go out !
"And by the toll which I have took,
"By candle, bell, and holy book,

"If such queer things in truth there be,
"I HODGE, should like a Jack to see!"

"I never shrunk from mortal's sight,
"I never flinch'd by day or night."
(Here Cloddy made a small mistake,
Such as some men are apt to make;)
"And do not think that I should run,
"If I, to night, should meet with one!"

How full is man of boasting pride,
How very brave until he's tried?
How will he rant, and rave, and roar,
Ere danger comes, or when 'tis o'er?
Then like the Tyger fierce and strong,
Eager for prey he seems to long;
Or like the Lion roaring round,
Shakes the earth with thund'ring sound;
Till *danger* comes, and then alas!
Our Lion proves to be an Ass!
So 'tis with those, who're wont to spout
Of courage—and so Hodge turn'd out;
For soon as he'd his wish made known,
And out his vaunting threats had thrown,
That saying true—as gospel clear,
"Call to the De'il—and he'll appear;"
Was at the moment verified,
For Clod with wond'ring looks descried:
A light scarce strong as candle's ray,
Which rose, and round began to play:

"There's one (cried Hodge) a Jack at last!
"And by my Mill I'll catch it fast,
"To see what the queer blazing blade of
"Dim whirling light, is really made of!"

But man—alas!—poor luckless man!
Scarce forms or half matures a plan,
Which Destiny or other power,
Does not o'erturn, in the next hour!

Ev'n soon as Clod's resolve was taken,
It was by fear and vapor shaken;
For the small, twinkling, star-like light,
Doubled and trebled to his sight;
Shone like a blazing meteor round,
Now high in air—now on the ground.
Then trembled Hodge with nameless fear,
Then rose on end his bristled hair:
Then arms and knees began to shake,
And soul and body both did quake;
Then chatter'd loud his grinning teeth,
While wanton Jack—above—beneath,
Was playing off his merry pranks,
O'er Cloddy's head and round his shanks!

Sometimes were seen two balls of fire,
Rising at once from out the mire;
Wheeling about from left to right,
Till they together would unite;
Then dance aloft high in the air,
And gambol like some truant star;

Fled from the bright and milky way,
Nearer our darken'd sphere to play.
Sometimes a single ball would rise,
And almost blind poor Cloddy's eyes;
As it would fly about his head,
(That head itself of burning red;)
And often come so very near,
That had not base and sheepish fear
Held o'er him, absolute command,
He might have grasp'd it in his hand.

'Tis thus, that fear—or something worse,
Dire *indolence*—as sore a curse;
Oft binds us in its magic chains,
To check the use of hands or brains;
When by their prudent exercise,
We might obtain some noble prize.

At length, the merry marsh-born sprite,
Ceas'd to torment our trembling wight;
And with an easy gambol flew,
To where the skunk-weed broadly grew; (*)
Then rested careless on the soil,
As if fatigued with the night's toil.

Clod seeing it listless on the plain,
Began his wits and strength to gain;
As courage comes when danger flies;
His valor too, began to rise;
And putting on the boldest face,
He well could do, after disgrace—

So very pointed, and so plain,
He ventured to speak out again.

"I'll have it now! (rash was the word!)
"I'll catch it fast as e'er a bird—
'Or any game which has been yet,
"Entrapp'd in skilfull hunter's net.
"O, then how rudely back I'll pay,
"Some of its roughly teasing play;
"But ere I do this thing engage,
"I'll put myself in furious rage."
With that the *weapon* of known worth,
He from his dusty fob drew forth;
And guiding it to well known path,
He swallowed down the burning wrath;
With such good appetite and will,
That soon, he got his usual fill:
And that was *all*, for he had strain'd
At mouth of jug till all was drain'd;
And sigh'd, as with an empty sound,
It fell and roll'd upon the ground.

But all things here must have an end,
And friend be parted from his friend;
So Hodge and liquor too must part,
Tho' deep and sore it grieved his heart:
Now giving his broad frame a shake,
(As dogs will do when first they wake;)
He vowed he was prepar'd to fight,
That cowardly and dastard light;

He was as stout as German *Kayser*, (g)
As brave as Pompey or as Cæsar ;
Could stand the fire like Salamander,
And face grim death like Alexander ;
In short, he brook'd not earthly evil,
And did defy the black-horn'd Devil !

So off he bolted at full speed,
To execute a daring deed ;
That he perchance, ere long may rue,
And dearly, ere he's safely through !

'Tis thus mankind full often go,
In chase of what they hardly know ;
Save that its look is somewhat fair,
Or there is something in its air ;
Which pleases superficial view,
And superficial judgment too :—
And leading us by specious glare,
Entangles oft in dang'rous snare !
From which perhaps some friend has warn'd,
While we his honest counsels scorned ;
Spurning the thought with haughty pride,
That any should presume to guide
Us, on the way or path we should,
Travel forsooth for our own good !

However strong the human mind,
How bold its flights and unconfin'd ;
To lend, 'tis always sagely wise,
A patient ear to friend's advice :

It saves from many a bootless strife,
Of ills and crosses during life :—
And had poor Clod but deign'd to hear,
What prudence whisper'd in his ear ;
He might have shun'd a tale of woes,
My pen must here at last disclose.—

Onward he went like madden'd boar,
Not deigning once to look before !—
Till he approach'd where quiet lay,
The foe he meant to catch and slay !
"Now—now ! (said he) I'll make a bounce,
"And on the thoughtless thing will pounce ;
"Like Lion jumps upon those beasts,
"On which his Kingly beastship feasts :"—
Then as the Tyger's Royal foe,
Crouches his strong built body low ;
So Cloddy thought himself to fling,
On "Jack" as he prepar'd to spring !

Stop ! Stop rash Hodge ! You're on the brink,
Of a wide spreading loathsome sink ;
Where stagnant waters, scarcely creep,
O'er mud and mire, a man's length deep !

To call on Clod is quite in vain,
For he intent his prize to gain ;—
Intent his shining foe to clasp,
The spring he made, and too the grasp !
But woe ! oh woe ! that pen should tell,
What in that jump poor Clod befel !

Let ev'ry reader warning take,
From puritan, to ratling rake ;
And thus be taught (ere 'tis too late,)
By luckless Hodge's piteous fate ;
Never to leap before they view,
Just where they may be jumping to :
Or they, like him, whose tale I sing,
Themselves in troubles sore may bring ;
May have their budding hopes close nipt,
Or be, in dire misfortunes dipt.

With much ado our hero rose,
Filth from his noddle to his toes ;
By it deprived of sense and sight,
He was indeed, in woful plight !
A while his muddy frame he shook,
Then wiping first, his hands he took,
And plied them each to either ear,
To scrape and scour those organs clear.
Next to his eyes his fingers went ;
But there some lengthy time was spent,
Ere he his sight could well recover ;
And when the task was fairly over ;
When he, his eyes could open wide,
Behold the "Jack" was at his side !
Cap'ring—jumping—flying—tripping—
Shooting—skimming—hopping skipping—
Dancing—whirling round his head,
Like top spun out by winding thread !

Much did its anticks, Hodge amaze,
And long and wistful did he gaze ;
Often to grasp it too, he tried,
But *Jack* would ever jump aside ;
And seem'd a wicked pride to take,
To mock each effort Hodge would make.
And Cloddy to his cost soon found,
That in this game of turning round ;
To catch the phantom *fair*, but *rude*,
That he had lost his latitude !
Somewhat confused too, by his cheer,
He knew not rightly how to steer ;
But took a straight and forward course,
Hoping "*for better or for worse*"—
As men are said to take their wives,
Torments or blessings for their lives.

On did he speed, tho' somewhat slow,
As one of course would have to go,
When trav'ling such a marshy road,
As that, thro' which our hero trod ;
Sometimes pulling—sometimes hauling,
Sometimes walking—sometimes crawling ;
He ousted forth full many a frog,
The legal tenants of the bog !
Nor did our hero trudge alone,
For *Jack Wi'Lanthorn* with him shone ;
At ev'ry turn and ev'ry crook,
Poor Cloddy in his troubles took,

There was the blazing devil still,
Like pressing *dun* with unpaid bill!

Perhaps some one who cons this o'er,
May recollect amongst a score
Or two—of friends whom they may own,
There are some two, or three, or one—
So very loving and so kind,
They wish to bear you e'er in mind;
At least, they always seem to try,
To keep you closely under eye;—
For seizing hold of cuff or breast,
Of coat—perhaps your very vest;
You're held as safe as bird encaged,
No odds if otherwise engaged;
Their tedious tales you must hear out,
Which you may'nt care a groat about;
"How things began and how they ended,
"How they were broke and how were mended
"How stands the future!—stood the past!"
And this is the result at last,
That when the whole is said and done,
You were as wise ere they begun!

But do not think, dear patient sir,
That you can from their clutches stir!
As well might you the project try,
To white your coat with jett black dye;
For they, like sticking pitch or tar,
When once they're *on*—are *safely there!*

Now some how, I have often thought,
That men who had their reason ought,
Likewise to have, more common sense,
Within their craniums dull and dense;
Than thus their company intrude,
At hours unseasonably rude.

But whether Hodge thought so or not,
Could never from his lips be got;
For he not used to plead or preach,
Was somewhat tardy in his speech.
But Clod, to mutter, once was heard,
"That night, he'd sworn by Aaron's beard;
"That as the Jack had shown foul play,
"He'd it pursue, if 'twas till day;
"Catch it, and if a thing of breath,
"In vengeance, torture it to death!"

After a long hour's work or so,
With many a lengthen'd ah! and oh!
Poor Cloddy got with loss of shoe,
(And legends say of stocking too;)
Clear from the bog and its deep mires,
To meet his bloody foes—the briers!
'Tis thus we mortals oft retreat,
From evils and some others meet;
Which if not worse are quite as great,
As those first sent to us by Fate:—
But here, our Hodge, had not a voice,
Or he'd have made another choice,

Of path to walk—than that where he,
Was doom'd to meet such misery!

Still by his *evil genius* led,
At last we hear our hero tread;
With step of firm and manly sound
O'er surface smooth of solid ground.
But 'twas alas! (lack of advice,)
The *Ram* led to the *sacrifice*;
Or bounding Buck about to fall,
Pierced by the deadly rifle ball;
Or yearling, by the nostrils led,
To where the butcher strikes it dead:
For Cloddy march'd with muddy pate,
To meet a horrid,—horrid fate!—

Man's destiny—who can control,
Save HIM, who scans his inmost soul?
Save him, who for designs unknown,
Permits his creatures to be thrown,
In dangers oft—and oft distress,
Which pain—impov'rish and oppress?

Perhaps—according to the wise,
They may be *blessings in disguise*;
If so, indeed, and truth they are,
Our hero got a wholsome share,
For full upon a thorn-bush he,
Fell and roar'd out most piteously!

Woe then to flesh! woe then to clothes!
Woe to his face!—the woe of woes!

For, as the boughs were spreading wide,
They pierced him deep on every side;
The right—the left—the front—the rear,
At merciless rate—they prick and tear!
Who could withstand such left-hand bliss?
Who could bear treatment such as this?
Too sore it was for pen to paint,
Too trying for an earthly Saint!—
So Hodge was out obliged to roar,
Alternate pray'd—alternate swore;
That never—since, that he was born,
Had he such treatment from a thorn?

Wrought up to rage, by mad'ning pain,
He made a spring with might and main;
Determ'd that he at once would clear,
Himself from such fierce galling geer:—
But Hodge like many a wiser man,
Plump into deeper troubles ran;
For in his fierce, aforesaid leap,
He sprung full 'mongst a matted heap—
Of ev'ry pricking swamp-grown evil,
That could torment the *wild* or *civil!*

Now had not Hodge, poor silly fool,
Went after Meg, this woful dool;
(Which pains my very pen to tell,)
Had never him, this night befell.

If love then leads to such disasters,
As oft it does my gentle masters;

'Tis wise I think in many a one,
To let the matter quite alone!
As when per-chance I hap to see,
Some old and antiquated *He*;
With wrinkled face and head of grey,
Pursuing fast some damsel gay;
(He the wrong side of cold three score,
And she not sixteen years, or more;)
I to conclude, am half inclined,
Some *Jack Wi'Lanthorn*, does him blind:
And after all his hubble-bubble,
Like Hodge, will land on thorns and trouble.

To sympathise in his deep woe,
Again to Cloddy will we go;
Who after many a toilsome scramble,
Got rid of thorn and scratching bramble:
But never sinful, mortal wight,
Was seen in such a grievous plight:
The blood which flow'd—the filth imbib'd,
May be imagined—not described!—
And round him, his mischievous guide,
Was hov'ring still in playful pride;
In form of torches and of tapers,
Cutting its thousand antic capers:—

Poor Hodge thus by this devil crost,
Was like a man, who'd clearly lost—
Not only, all his sense of seeing,
But half the knowledge of his being

A thing of *earth* and not of *air*,
Led by a light of specious glare!
And wending still the wayward track,
Of whirling—flying—dancing Jack;
It led him safely on, untill
He met the stream which turn'd his mill;
But quite unconscious was poor Clod,
That he so near to danger trod;
For *Jack*, had brought him to the edge,
Of a steep, tow'ring rocky ledge;
Which jutted o'er the river's brink
So high—'tis dizziness to think!
There Cloddy was in *thought* secure,
When one short step and he'd be o'er:
Much cleansing did he need in truth,
(And who so *pure* as not forsooth?)
So as the stream's not drowning deep,
In mercy let him take the leap!

That leap at once the Hero took,
And plunged headforemost in the brook;
There was a most unwelcome washing!
There was a most tremendous splashing!
Far flew the foam on ev'ry side,
Quick sought the eels a place to hide;
And finny fish full loth to stay,
In nameless terrors swam away!

"O! woe is me!" the hero said,
As raising up his hatless head;

He stood once more upon his shanks,
And thus pour'd forth his selfish thanks:
"Good Lord! I'm glad I am not drown'd!
"Good Lord! help me on solid ground!
"And *double toll*, I'll ne'er take more,
"But honest live, and you adore;
"In thought and deed, in word and way,
"Untill my last and dying day.
"And never more, I'll be the dunce,
"To walk o' nights if you'll but once
"In safety help me to escape,
"Out of this Jack Wi'Lantbron scrape;
"The which, again I'll follow never,
"But mind my mill in peace forever!"

'Tis not the three mile pray'r or grace,
Or sable coat, or solemn face;
Or living up to priest taught plan,
Which makes the honest, upright man.
Nor is the pray'r, (whate'er its length,)
Roar'd out with all a mortal's strength,
So that each passer by may hear,
Always in heart the most sincere:
When misery and trials press,
Afflictions come, or deep distress!
The hypocrite, just wrath t' appease,
Will humbly fall upon his knees;
And pray and beg and promise Heav'n,
If but for once he is forgiven;

For once from pains and troubles free,
How righteous then—and good he'll be!
But when's withdrawn affliction's sword,
And he's to health and ease restor'd;
How soon the benefit's forgot,
How soon his vows remembered not!
Neglectful of them all—and God,
Whose hand upheld—but stay'd the rod,
He turns again to former course,
And not unfrequently to worse!
So Hodge but just breathed out his pray'r,
(Which might or might not be sincere;)
When he began to foam and fret,
That *Jack* should with his *Lanthorn* yet
His every step and turn attend,
A constant, though unwelcome friend!

Oft did he stretch his hands in air,
And try to grasp this seeming star;
But all in vain, it would not do,
Secure and careless, still it flew;
Provoking by misleading blaze,
Poor Hodge a hundred thousand ways!
Till with vexation nearly crazed,
His hands once more, on high he rais'd
Not to breath forth his soul in prayer,
But vengeance deep and dire to swear;
Against the bog-born, evil sprite,
Which ruled his destiny that night,

But ere his thoughts he could so dress,
With force his feelings to express;
There came a large and luckless beam,
Swift floating down the rapid stream;
Which striking Hodge, it fairly tript
His weary feet—so down he slipt;
And at full length, with woful chucking,
He got another grievous ducking!
'Gain fled the fish, and hid the eels,
Again Clod scrambled on his heels;
And fairly out of patience worn,
Vowed to remain there till the morn,
Nor would for money or for love,
To right or left, or forward move!

What man so bad, who has *no* friend!
Or night so long as ne'er will end?
Each one, tis said, will have his day,
No ghost e'er walk'd priest could not lay;
From worst of ills we may get free;
Our strongest foes may conquered be;
And *Superstition* owns a charm,
The *Jack Wi' Lanthorn* to disarm!

'Tis when the game cock thrice shall crow,
Or thrice the hunter's horn shall blow;
When tuneful birds on dewy wing,
Their matin services shall sing;
Or lovely tints of golden light,
Appear to chase away the night—

'Tis then, Jack quits his wearied prey,
And vanishes like mist away!

Our hero now resigned to fate,
Resolved these signals to await;
Which would from thraldom, him release,
And once more give him ease and peace.
Nor in suspense he tarried long,
For soon the notes clear, shrill and strong,
Of neighboring well fed Chanticleer,
Resounded once in Cloddy's ear!
And the clear streaks of op'ning dawn,
Were spread o'er Heav'ns azure lawn,
The blast of merry sportsman's horn,
Likewise proclaim'd approaching morn;
Twice more the cock, for day-break crew,
Twice more his horn, the hunter blew;
When if, as by magicious stroke,
The spell which bound poor Clod was broke,
For *Jack* made but one turn about,
A dying flash and then went out!

There Cloddy stood without his hat,
As wet as any half-drown'd rat:
Disgraced he was, must be confest,
Altho' he said "he'd done his best,
"To catch the bright misleading thing,
"Which flew so well without a wing!
"And may (said Hodge) *Meg* be my judge,
"If I dont bear till death a grudge;
"Of anger deep and malice dire,
"Of freezing hate and burning ire;

"Against the gay deceiving sprites,
"Which fly about on Summer nights;
"To lead poor mortal men astray,
"From his true path and even way!"
With that our Clod made out to crawl,
Bruis'd by full many a grievous fall;—
By aid of roots and broken plank,
To summit of the river's bank:
Thence to the mill—his only home,
From which, he never more did roam
By night or day;—but heartless soul,
Just ground his grists and took his toll,
Ne'er wooing more, the fickle sex,
Whom he declared were born to vex,
Perplex and tease poor simple wights,
And lead them by *Jack Lanthorn* lights:
Which never more he would engage,
But single die in good old age! (*h*)
Each gentle reader sure has known
Within his day, just such a drone;
(I mean just such a nose led man,
As in Hodge Clod I've tried to scan;)
Chasing some *Jack O'Lanthorn* scheme,
Or buried in some wild, day dream;
Pursuing with his might and main,
A phantom of his troubled brain.
In short, 'tis full as well to say,
We see some *Cloddy* every day.

FINIS.

THE FARMER'S

FIRESIDE;

A WINTER SCENE.

THE FARMER'S
FIRESIDE.

I.

Now the wintry wind is whistling by,
And drifts the snow so chill and white;
While fierce in the mantled chimney high,
The Farmer's fire is blazing bright:

II.

And the night steals on—as to his home,
Cheerly he speeds him on the way;
With a light step, see him smiling come,
His labors close, as ends the day.

III.

The setting sun in the cloudless West,
The weary hail, a welcome sight;
For it tells them the calm hour of rest,
Comes with the dusky shades of night.

IV.

Then the oxen chew their brine washed husks,
Housed and warm are the prancing steeds;
And the sheltered swine, grinds his long tusks,
As on the golden grain he feeds:

V.

The bleating flock is in warm thatch'd shed,
Where lambkins still can sport and play;
And lowing kine are in plenty fed,
With the sweet blade or fragrant hay.

VI.

As the Farmer nears his much loved door,
He hears the bark of watchful Tray;
At his post to guard his master's store,
Best friend of *man* that owns *man's* sway

VII.

With outstretch'd arms his dame he meets,
Kind he kisses his infant dear;
And the paddling weans he smiling greets,
As they tug along his great armed chair.

VIII.

And warm is the hearth and warm the heart,
Of him whose daily toil is o'er;
His ev'ry thought can content impart,
While calm he hears the rude blast roar:

IX.

And close seated by his manly side,
See HER whom yet he can caress;
Though age has changed from the youthful bride,
He loves her still, *and not the less.*

X.

But as each fleeting year rolls o'er,
And *time* to fresh *decay* gives birth;
He seems in heart, but attached the more,
And finds each day in her *new worth*.

XI.

Such is the strength of those nuptial ties,
Which have affection for their base;
More closely they twine as on time flies,
And *warms* the heart while *wanes* the face.

XII.

No care e'er disturbs the Farmer's mind,
For peace has mark'd his path thro' life;
In the world's jars he has never joined,
Nor heeds he mens' discordant strife.

XIII.

But contented with each rural charm,
His toil with many a pleasure blends;
A *world* to him, is his spreading farm,
His wife, his children and his friends.

XIV.

And if this night, there is in his breast,
One *pang*—'tis for the wanderer;
Who vainly seeks out a place of rest,
Or fire, his freezing limbs to cheer.

XV.

Or like he has an advent'rous Son,
Who in some other clime now dwells
And on him perhaps, his thoughts may run,
For him perhaps, his bosom swells!

XVI.

And to Heav'n he breathes the heartfelt pray'r,
That some good guardian angel might;
Have the distant boy, beneath his care,
And guide him in his steps aright.

XVII.

But the MOTHER—whose affections burn,
More warmly, though with fervor mild;
Adds many a wish for the return,
In health, of her long absent child!

XVIII.

Louder and louder the North-wind blows,
And keen and rude it whistles by;
While the Farmer's fire more brightly glows,
As mount its crackling sparks on high.

XIX.

And around him in their pride of youth,
Are his heart's core and happiness;
His offspring dear—who the paths of truth,
He taught from infancy to press.

XX.

There, the youths behold, upon whose chins,
Manhood's soft down, is scarcely spread;
And the little pratler who begins,
To hold upright its flaxen head.

XXI.

All linked together in social love,
They live and own their parents sway;
Fearing to do, what they, would reprove,
Each hear their counsels and obey.

XXII.

And there too behold the lovely lass,
With cheek of purest roseate dye;
What statue say, can her form surpass,
What pencil paint her azure eye!

XXIII.

The fairy's step is her magic tread,
The morning's blush her artless wile;
And the honey-dew on mountains shed,
Her accents sweetened by a smile.

XXIV.

Her father's joy and her mother's pride,
Growing in worth as grow her years;
Down the stream of life, as they shall glide,
She'll often ease their load of cares.

XXV.

Oh, who can describe the parent's joy,
Who scenes in life, like this surrounds;
They are pleasures which no time can cloy,
And bliss indeed that knows no bounds!

XXVI.

When the hour has come to spread the board,
For the ev'ning's meal—see all sit round
Where substantial fare is neatly stored,
And plenty without waste is found.

XXVII.

There free hospitality e'er reigns,—
A welcome with each viand blends;
All share alike his sweat earned gains,
The stranger—traveller or friends.

XXVIII.

And when the night's repast it done,
And Heav'n is for its bounties blest;
He enjoys that sleep which toil has won,
A conscience clear and mind at rest.

XXIX.

And he wakes to toil—but not to strife,
For each new day brings new delights;
To soften and smooth his path of life,
And cheer the long, cold winter nights.

THE PERISHING ORPHAN.

The month was December, and chill was the e'en,
And keen was the wind which from the North blew;
The sky was o'er cast, not a star to be seen
Nor a gleam to direct where night's silver Queen,
Through nature's expanse in majesty flew.

On the edge of a forest, where waved the tall oak,
And bounded the Roe, and flew the wild bird;
Where nought save the sound of the woodman's deep stroke,
Or the wild echo of the raven's lone croak,
To break the deep shady silence were heard:

A cottager humble, had fixed his retreat,
This ev'ning at home, his labor was o'er;
And careless he viewed the approach of the night,
For contented he sat by a wood-fire bright,
And happy could hear the beating storms roar.

A cry of distress reached the sensitive ear,
Of Emma, his partner, who sat by his side;
Slow and weak was the voice which seemed to be near,
For its plaintive accents distinct could she hear,
As "help! for a poor freezing orphan" it cried.

As chill as the snow which then spread o'er the land,
As marble hard, where 'tis carved in relief;
Must be that heart, which could coldly withstand,
Such a cry of distress nor extend a warm hand,
To succor and soothe such eloquent grief!

With the bound of the buck when swiftest he speeds,
Or the Eagle on wing to her suff'ring young;
The Cottager sped, nor storm he now heeds,
For misery calls, his assistance it needs,
'Twas to help the poor freezing orphan he sprung!

In a deep drift of snow and half hid beneath,
Benumb'd with the cold, extended he lay;
And closed were his eyes, but closed not in death,
For faintly he drew his fast failing breath,
And in broken accents still could he pray.

'Twas the POWER on high, he softly addrest,
The P wer who ever the humble prayer heeds,
Who protection provides for the poor and opprest,
Is a father to fatherless orphans distrest,
And Balm for the heart that in mis'ry bleeds.

"Oh, Father of All! (thus ran his short prayer,)
"Hear thou the cries of a perishing one;
"As the flocks of the field thou hast in thy care,
"So a poor freezing Orphan in mercy O spare,
"But let thine own will, and not his be done!"

The child in his arms did the cottager raise,
His years were but few, the burthen was light;
And soon by the heat of the bright cheering blaze,
His chill limbs were warmed and around did he gaze,
And smiled-a moment with seeming delight:

But the smile was soon gone and followed a sigh,
As to Heaven he knelt, too roll'd the big tear;
While he poured forth his thanks to that Power on high,
Whose goodness had heard the poor Orphan's cry,
And in his mercy, had answered his prayer.

The kind Cottager fostered the Hea'vn sent charge,
Reared him with all a fond father's regard;
And his God was pleas'd here his store to enlarge,
And grant him long life to see Henry discharge,
A *Son's fondest duties*,—his richest reward.

CREATION.

I.

Ere time or sun their race begun,
Or night's bright orbs their courses run;
Ere Cherubs shone in heav'nly light,
Or Seraphs winged their aeriel flight;
Ere Angels Heaven's high portals trod,
Or Archangels lived—*there was a GOD*,
Let strong perception strain her keenest gaze,
Let wisdom on his highest pinions raise;
Weary in search, the deepest, strongest mind,
With thought intense,
They cannot see, nor reach, nor know, nor find,
Nor tell from whence?

II.

All that we mortals here below,
Can of his being learn or know;
All, that, of him we dare believe,
Or all as truth we dare receive:
'Is that, ere Heaven or Earth or Time was he,
And when no more, JEHOVAH still will be!

III.

Of nature and all nature's wondrous laws,
He was creator, and himself the cause:
Further than this, no mortal yet can scan,
Himself, his ways, are mysteries to man!

IV.

Heaven, and its hosts, were wrought by his hands,
Earth, and all hers' by his supreme commands,
Were made, and life infused, and motion given,
That they might hear—obey—be led or driven!

V.

A deep and awful silence long had reigned,
O'er what—or to what end, we mortals know not;
If old Adam knew—to tell it he ne'er deigned,
Or if he did, the story's—long since forgot:
Could mere *supposition*, this hidden matter probe,
Twou'd say, 'twas o'er the wreck of some anterior Globe:

VI.

Why not?—had ETERNITY beginning?
Or, will it have end? to each the answer's NO!

Then cannot *bold conjecture*, be sinning
Against the light, when it full length shall dare go,
And say, ere this globe was, some other might
Have roll'd like it in form. And when this is crushed,
Others may emerge from chaotic night,
In its place to roll, and in their turn be hushed.

VII.

The mass of *matter's nothing*, in time's sleep,
Had lain 'mid darkness in the mighty deep;
Where not a breathing sound had ever rose,
To break its still—perhaps, its *long* repose!
Until ETERNITY'S ETERNAL GOD,
Proclaim'd by his almighty voice and nod,
That Chaos should be order, order should be law,
That nature must awake and darkness must withdraw!

VIII.

"Let there be light!"—was said,—light shone around,
And darkness fled far from the deep profound!
"Let there me motion!"—and the clashing jar,
Of new born things raged in confusion's war!
"Let there be order!"—order quick appeared,
Harsh discord's threat'ning crash no more was heard;
But in its stead, the wond'ring angels ears,
Were fill'd with the first music of the spheres!
"Let there be form!"—and straight the yielding air,
The earth and sea to their own bounds repair,
While each and all their parts together came,
Form'd one stupendous mass, the WORLD its name!

IX.

GOD saw the light—the world—saw that each stood;
They were His works, and He pronounced them good!

X.

Pray what is man,—yes proud and lordly man,
Who sometimes scorns the Earth on which he treads;
Exalts himself, for a world's eyes to scan,
And oft for a world to laugh at. The heads
Of nations that have been, or are to be,
Great *names*, whose tombstones tell they *lived* & *died*,
Virtuously or not—such lines we *always* see,
Graved on their sculptured monuments of pride.—
Say what were they once—and what are they now,
The ermined body or the laurelled brow,—
The head—that wore a crown—or glory sought?—
A putrid mass!—worms food!—then dust!—last, nought!

XI.

And this is what Creation's lords have all to be,
The rich and poor—the great and small—the bond & free;

XII.

This pompous CREATURE with the power of speech,
Who grasps at all within his narrow reach;
But rarely thinks—or never thinks at all,
How low, how humbly low, he has to fall:
Scarce willing to allow a GOD rules o'er him,
He courts mankind and would they *should* adore him;
How *vain!* the *dog* man spurns was made *before* him!

XIII.

First, the Leviathian ploughed the briny deep,
Then to the Sun, the Eagle winged his flight;
The dread Anacondas' lived o'er Earth to creep,
And Lions claim'd the forest for their right;
Each reptile, bird, or beast, or fish of less degree,
Lived in due time, and thro' their elements ranged free!

XIV.

When Earth's first tenants all were made,
It was GOD's high and mighty plan;
And to surrounding hosts he said,
"LET US IN OUR OWN FORM MAKE MAN!"

XV.

In Eden, blooming Eden man shall live,
O'er all our works, we him dominion give;
Fish of the sea shall own his boundless sway,
Fowls of the air, shall his commands obey;
Beasts of the Forest, mountain and the field,
To man, to sovereign man, shall service yield!

XVI.

If he is faithful, with Us man shall reign on high,
If he proves false! then surely, *surely man* shall die!

XVII.

From Earth's base dust proud man was form'd,
Material fit, for work so very frail;
(More so by far than the shell covered snail,)
By Heaven's high King this clay was warm'd—

With the pure breath of life; and the full pow'r given,
To make him heir, to immortality and Heaven!

XVIII.

MAN bore his maker's image in his face,
His form was stampt with majesty and grace;
Unbound, save by his ruling reason's thrall,
Created free to stand, or free to fall!
Spirit etherael—*body* from the clod,
Lord of the world—the noblest work of GOD!

XIX.

What's low or base in him, came with him from the dust;
What's great or good, belongs to his creator just;
His mortal part goes whence it came, *the grave*,
The breath of life—returns to GOD who gave!

XX.

Nor yet was the CREATOR's work quite done,
It was not good for man to live alone,
Woman was form'd, and woman shone,
The brightest, fairest of creation's plan,
Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone,
She was the friend and comforter of man!

XXI.

Could Fancy in her wildest, brightest dream,
Of our first parent catch one glowing gleam;
Might view for once her tall angelic form,
And dare then with imagination warm;
To sketch to life her noble, graceful air,
And paint the richness of her golden hair,

Color her crimson lip, or cheek's soft dye,
Expression give to her majestic eye ;
Tell, how her high ivory forehead shone,
Or span the circuit of her tempting zone ;
'Twould be a picture—just, without a flaw,
Such as since ADAM, mortal never saw ;
'Twould be a picture, on which, (if pen could raise,)
No mortal now would ever dare to gaze !

XXII.

Such *was* blest woman !—(and *now* is little less
Than Angels !—she was equal then ;)
Until the law of knowledge she did transgress,
And in the error led us men—
Willingly no doubt,—then charge not old Adam's fall,
To *Her*,—*last* of Creation—but the *best* of all !

XXIII.

It was finished !—and the moon and sun,
Each in their several courses run ;
The source of heat, sources of light,
King of the day and Queen of night !
GOD saw all things—saw as they moved or stood,
They were HIS works, and HE pronounced them GOOD !

XXIV.

Heaven's high arches with loud Anthems rung,
By the bright angels and archangels sung ;
Cherubim and Seraphim, their voices raised,
And rose on wings of light as loud they praised ;

And formed in circling myriads round the MIGHTY ONE,
Whose task was finished—whose all-glorious work was done!

LINES TO THE MEMORY OF *GEORGE NOEL GORDON, LORD BYRON,*

Who departed this life at Missolonghi, in Greece, April 19th, 1824—in the 37th year of his age.

BYRON! shall unskilled hand or untuned tongue,
Grasp the pen, or swell the trump to sound thy fame;
Can unknown minstrels, sing thy noble worth,
When thy own matchless, magic strains have rung
Far as the utmost bounds of list'ning Earth!

As well might the young and unfledged Eaglet try,
To soar aloft, and brave yon scorching Sun;
Or MEN, attempt to scale yon blue arched sky,
And tell what in its starry worlds is done!

Earth could not span the compass of thy mighty mind,
Nor space its scintillating flights control;
Stern FATE alone, thy mortal destinies could bind,
Stop thy career—but not enslave thy soul:
Deeper than Ocean's depth, couldst thou Nature scan,
The regions of *dark chance*, dared to explore;
Shed light on darkness, spoke bolder truths to man,
Than had been thought, or listened to before!

GOD made thee noble, and men, but called thee so,
Beggars with souls like thine, free and unbought!

Had been as great as thou, and as noble too,
While *Kings* without it, are but drossy nought!
Titles are tinsel show—fit ornaments for those,
Who nought have else, their lean names to adorn;
Worshipped by hirelings, bent to, by meaner foes,
The great man's toy, the truly wise man's scorn.

BYRON! to bleeding Greece thou gav'st thy manly heart,
Thy hand was open'd and thy breast made bare;
In her's and Freedom's sacred cause thou took a part,
When sovereign powers trembling did not dare:
Well mayest thou in sorrow mourn, dear struggling land,
Well mayest thou o'er his hallowed ashes bend;
And shed a tear for him who graced thy patriot band,
For him, who was thy noble, gen'rous friend.

BYRON! shall mortals dare thy principles condemn,
Who judge *unheard* and sentence them *unknown*;
Save by the sland'ring tongue, or the distorting pen,
For 'tis by such the gall dipt shafts are thrown.
What e'er thou wast *in heart*, in acts thou wert a MAN,
And 'tis by *acts* the human heart we best can see:
Whate'er thou lacked to fill thy great Creator's plan,
Is not for MEN to say—but rests with GOD and thee!

LAMENT FOR NAPOLEON.

Let the pall of the Hero in silence be bourne:
Let the friends of the brave, in affliction now mourn,
Let the unbestrode war Horse—accoutred be led,

Whilst deep in our minds,
Sorrow, a home finds,
For the Corsican Hero—Great Bonaparte's dead.

Let St. Helena's fields be covered with thorn:
Let the Lark there, ne'er hail the return of the morn:
Let the Isle now, in clouds everlasting, be wreathed:
Let the Seas horrid roar,
And dash round that shore,
Where Napoleon, the warrior and statesman last breathed.

Let France in deep mourning be now array'd,
Let sorrow the breasts of her soldiers invade:
Let her citizens sigh—they'll sigh not alone—
The brave and the true
Will sigh with them too,
For their greatest RULER—Napoleon is gone!

Let them with pride remember his name:
Let them in glory perpetuate his fame:
Let them remember the course which he chose,
In honours to rise,
(He gain'd that great prize)
Was first to conquer—then pardon his foes,

Let the Holy Alliance boast of their sway:
Let their unholy deeds against them array;
Let them and their actions, together rot;
Great Bonaparte's name,
Ennobled by Fame,
Shall refulgently shine, when theirs is forgot.

Let loathsome weeds grow o'er them in gloom:
Let the horrid night owl shriek round their tomb:
Let the deadly serpent hiss, when o'er them he creeps;
But let Glory's beams
In brightest streams,
Shine round the tomb—where Bonaparte sleeps.

*OLD DAVY SHEPHERD'S SONG.**

Oh, blow on! blow on! thou cold winter's blast,
And ye clouds let your storms upon me fall;
On my head let your snow and chill rain be cast,
For unmoved I can stand and bear them all:
But there was a rude—a soul chilling wind,
Which I could not brave in this earthly form,
And it wrecked as warm and manly a mind,
As ever was lost in ADVERSITY'S storm!

Roll on! roll on! sluggish tide of my life,
'Tis little I reck of your ebbs or flows;
My soul is too cold to heed your dull strife,
And my wearied body longs for repose:
The friends of my youth, ah! where are they now,
Like youth itself they seem wasted away;
If living they heed not my wrinkled brow,
Nor a hand give to support my decay:

*A harmless and wandering lunatic, well known in and about Petersburg, Va.

Blow on! blow on! then, thou cold winter's blast,
What need I care for the wars that ye wage;
Life, like your force, will be broken at last,
Howl on! howl on then! I heed not your rage:
Where chance shall direct, there my head will I rest,
And blest be the portal from which I am not driv'n;
My thanks shall be spoke with one hand on my breast,
While the other shall point the pathway to Heav'n!

THINGS I LOVE.

I love to hear the thunder roll,
And see the forked lightnings fly;
The *sound* is music to my soul,
The *sight* is beauty to mine eye:
They tell me of that mighty Pow'r,
Whose sovereign voice they swift convey,
To wake the sleep of mid-night hour,
Or speak his terrors thro' the day!

I love to view the mountain tall,
From firm fix'd base, rear high its head,
And brave the storms that on it fall,
Nor the rude shocks of nature dread:
It tells me of the NOBLE MIND,
That 'mid life's storms, calm and sedate,
In its own sterling worth enshrin'd,
Can bear the rudest shocks of Fate!

I love to mark the Eagle's eye,
With fearless gaze scan Phœbus o'er;

Or on his tireless pinions fly,
Where meaner birds can never soar:
It bids me climb the steeps of FAME,
Regardless of the with'ring eyes;
That scowl on those of humble name,
Who dare to noble stations rise!

THINGS I HATE.

I hate to knock the fast made door,
Of him whom dollars have made great;
Who views, with sneering glance, the poor,
Made so, perhaps, by ruthless FATE:
It speaks at once the master's heart,
(To ev'ry noble end oppos'd;)
Which never felt the suff'rer's smart,
And like his door, is always closed.

I hate to see the narrow mind,
That lives but for its niggard self;
And hid beneath Religion's blind,
Seeks but to gather sordid pelf:
It points a man as low as base—
Whose ev'ry thought is bought and sold;
A wretch, who hopes, in Heav'n dare place,
While worshipping Earth's mammon GOLD!

I hate to see the tricking knave,
Bear honest worth and virtue down
Or him who like the heartless slave,
Will bend beneath the great man's frown;

It marks *the one*—(of lawless trade,)
All things BUT MAN, as he should be;
And tells me, nature *others* made,
LESS—EQUAL—NOBLE—AND LESS FREE.

EPITAPH ON JOHN THOMPSON.

Wanderer! stay—thy reckless tread,
Nor careless, speed thus o'er the dead;
Cut down, ere full its wings had spread,
Genius sleeps here!
Then ere thou pass this green turf'd bed,
Pause—and revere!

The flow'r of youth and manhood's pride,
The patriot stern—you stand beside;
If *thou* art *these*—one moment bide—
By kindred Earth—
The tear which falls, you should not hide,
For noblest worth!

By honor's precepts e'er controll'd,
With gen'rous heart—he was high-soul'd;
And flush his noble feelings roll'd,
As the flood tide—
His philanthrophy—was *never* cold—
But as Earth—wide!

Far—as the Eagle dared to soar,
Bold—as the waves break on the shore;—

Clear—as the Mountain torrents pour,
So was his mind—
In flight!—in strength!—in current pure—
Nought could it bind!

Ye youth! revere young THOMPSON's name,
Win each—a CURTIUS'* fadeless fame;
And abler Bards shall then proclaim,
Your matchless worth!
And admiring tongues, join the acclaim—
Throughout the Earth!

LOVE'S LAST GIFT.

DEAR LOCK OF HAIR! thou yet art here—
Of all, to lonely EDWIN dear;
The form thou grac'd to earth is giv'n,
The soul has wing'd its flight to Heav'n:
And nought is his—below—above—
Save this dear pledge of youthful love,
From MARY fair:
What scenes to view thou dost recall,
Lone lock of hair!

*CURTIUS:—was the signature under which many of Mr. Thompson's public letters and other essays appeared It was also the name of a noble Roman Youth, who sacrificed his life for the safety of his Country. A wide gulph had suddenly opened in the Forum—and the Oracles of Rome pronounced "that it never would el se until the City threw into it whatever it had most precious."—CURTIUS perceiving that a human sacrifice was required, armed himself, mounted his horse and solemnly plunged into the gulph, which immediately closed over him! Thus far, went the ROMAN CURTIUS for his country's good.—Thus far, would have followed the AMERICAN THOMPSON, had *his Country* required the sacrifice.

Thou mind'st him o'er and o'er again,
Of ev'ry pleasure ev'ry pain ;—
That warms the soul—that does it move,
When tender minds begin to love.
The sweet, the winning, modest smile,
The crimson blush—the playful wile,
Or bashful air;
That marks the gift of only one
Dear lock of hair!

The softly breath'd, impassion'd sigh,
The tender glance—the tearful eye,
That speaks a heart as kind as true ;
Are with thee, present to the view—
Of him—whose lot is but to mourn
Those pleasures past—ne'er to return,
A meteor's glare—
That shone!—has gone, and nought hast left,
Save trackless air!

Souls knit by love, close as the vine
Around its fellow could entwine ;
So close were they together joined,
By nature formed as *true* as *kind* :
FATE, envious, saw—and cut in twain,
What time will ne'er unite again :
That cruel mar,
Reft him of *all*—save thee alone—
Dear lock of hair!

Old age may waste the manly frame,
And Time may check the brightest flame,
But changing time nor wasting age,
"Shall blot her worth from mem'ry's page."
While life's warm flood shall onward flow,
No other flame shall EDWIN know,
Nor hand shall tear,
From his firm grasp—this sacred gift,
Lone lock of hair!

THE PARTING.

I'll stay sweet Sue! one moment more,
We must not part, enchantress, yet;
Although I wish that moment o'er,
Which, past—I never shall forget:
For *parting*, like the Ivy's leaf,
Will ever keep in mem'ry green;
When lost to view each other grief,
This deepest woe shall still be seen—
Then flow ye tears—'tis meet I mourn,
When hearts so warm, so full as mine;
By Fate—are thus—dear Susan, torn,
From one so pure, so good as *thine*.

One moment more—to press that hand,
'Tis glowing with thy warmth of heart;
Long may that heart with joy expand,
And long its cheering warmth impart:
Though other arms may thee caress,

When I in other climes shalt be;
And other hands may fondly press,
That hand so warmly press'd by me—
Yet still this thought must e'er arise,
Of many hands I've prest in mine;
'Twas *this* alone that I could prize,
None felt so dear to me as *thine*.

How swift time speeds! but ere I go,
O! give me one—*one* parting kiss;
For it is meet my night of woe,
Should gloom upon a day of bliss:
'Tis thus the dark'ning shades come on,
And seem to kiss the fleeting light;
And thus I kiss—dear charming one,
These lips, I leave to meet love's night—
Ah! long, that night is doom'd to be,
And not a ray of peace to shine;
No other sun—I know but thee,
No other lips are sweet as *thine*.

Oh! yet a while I fain must stay!
One moment—let me view that face;
And ere I go—dear Susan, may,
I take a last—*last* warm embrace:
'Tis thus I on your bosom fall,
And breast to breast the last we meet;
Must parting thoughts these moments pall,
That bliss like this should render sweet?
This bursting heart, alas! can tell,

. . .

Whilst your soft bosom presses mine ;
At every beating pulse's swell,
I feel I could expire on *thine*.

Then fare thee well—a *last* farewell,
May Heaven ever be your guide ;
And shield you from the wrecking swell,
Of sorrows, on life's stormy tide :
The sun may set again to rise,
We part—to meet!—ah! no, 'tis vain,
To hope, that e'er these longing eyes,
Will on thee, Susan, look again !
For soon, too soon, these eyes will close,
And stiff will be these hands of mine ;
And cold, ah ! cold—this breast that glows,
With its last spark—while pressing *thine*.

LA BONNE MERE*

OR CHARLESTON HARBOR, JUNE 1777.

"*These were the times that tried men's souls.*"

THOS. PAINE.

On Freedom's soil—when carnage rear'd
His bloody front—and there appear'd,
Grim Mars—with war-worn visage hard,
Walking forth most awfully :—

When waste had spread its besom hand,
And fear was stalking through our land,

**The Good Mother*—the name of the vessel that first brought La Fayette from France to America in 1777.

And faint had grown that vet'ran band,
War had thinn'd most dreadfully!

When the last spark of hope's pure fire,
Seem'd in the nation's breast t' expire,
And fell despair, with aspect dire,
On every face sat gloomily:

On Ocean's swelling field of green,
A beauteous barque was riding seen,
Bedeck'd in all her glitt'ring sheen,
Bounding the waves majesticly.

Columbia's shore she seem'd to gain,
As swift she cut the yielding main,
Leaving behind her spray-wrought train,
Sparkling bright and beauteously.

Oh! there are some, yet bear in mind,
How full her sails bent to the wind,
While far aloft and unconfin'd,
Her streamers floated gallantly!

Still rolling to her destin'd home,
Onward in all her pride she come,
Raising on high the snow-like foam,
Then dashed it off triumphantly.

High on her deck there stood a form,
Daring and young, whose bosom warm,
Seem'd but to glow to meet the storm,
Of battle, death and victory.

Bright fancy saw his glist'ning eye,
And heard the echo of his cry,
"From home, and friends, and all I fly,
To fight and bleed for Liberty."

Desponding Freemen caught the strain,
And sung aloud their shouts again,
Till over hill, and mount, and plain,
They echo'd long and gloriously.

But ere the barque the port could near,
The wind was hush'd, nor could they hear,
A sound, save ocean dark and drear,
Heaving her billows heavily.

The sun had sunk low in the west,
And nature in dim twilight drest,
Seem'd now to seek her wonted rest,
Retiring sweet and placidly.

The wat'ry waste around was spread,
And not a ripple rais'd its head,
And all was calm, and still, and dead,
As nature sleeping silently.

Night closed upon the awful scene,
And dimly shone her waning queen,
And darker grew the sea's deep green,
Amid the gloomy scenery.

The harsh sea-bird was heard to scream,
Clouds veil'd lights faintly glowing beam,

The lightning's flash was seen to gleam,
Along the Heavens' vividly!

Far o'er the wave was heard the sigh,
Of ocean's spirit—and her cry,
The seamen warn'd—a storm was nigh!
The thunder peal'd most awfully!

As mountains tall so roll'd the wave,
That bore aloft the Chieftan brave,
Back from the land he came to save,
With bold and daring gallantry.

Tho' loud and strong fierce Boreas blew,
And darker still the sea-storm grew,
No fear the youthful Hero knew,
His thoughts on "home and liberty."

Around the barque that awful hour,
There was unseen a guardian pow'r,
To cheer, amid the storm's dread lower,
Spirits that braved it gallantly.

'Twas Freedom's Goddess, hovering near,
That whisper'd in the Hero's ear,
And bade him not the storm to fear,
That raged around so dreadfully!

A GREATER POWER—was ruling o'er,
Who bid the storm to cease its roar,
And guided to Columbia's shore,
The barque again triumphantly.

A HUGER'S anxious, watching eye,
Amid the gloom her sails descry,
"Go, man a barge"—the boatmen fly,
At his commanding, cheerily.

Swift went they from the surge-beat shore,
And quick was ply'd the trim-wrought oar,
Till round LA MERE gay, they wore,
And hail'd her loud and merrily.

Bright be the memory of that night,
For mid its gloom, there shone delight,
When HUGER prest the Chieftain bright,
Close to his bosom fervently.

Come to my home, he warmly cryed,
Yon barge shall bear us o'er the tide,
Come, rest thee by my fire-side,
Thou youth of spirit brave and free!

The boatmen plied their oars again,
And merrily sung their cheerful strain,
While back they o'er the swelling main,
Hasted bold and fearlessly.

And, ere the morn with opening ray,
Had ting'd with gold the silver spray,
Safe on the shore the stranger lay,
Where reign'd pure hospitality.

And with the Sun that day there rose,
An ARM OF TERROR to our foes,

That shone effulgent till the close,
Of Freemen's struggle, gloriously!

WHAT I HAVE SEEN.

I have seen the green leaf
Of the tall poplar fade;
I have seen its proud trunk
On the earth's surface laid:—
The fairest of prospects,
Too, oft blighted have been;
And the manliest forms,
I, extended, have seen.

I have seen the sweet flow'r,
In its beauty display'd;
Flourish—but for an hour,
Then be wither'd—*decay'd*:—
The health-blooming features,
Altho' fresh be their glow;
In an hour are darken'd,
By stern fate's reckless blow!

I have seen the young plants,
As they peep'd from the ground
By the keen frost cut down,
And lay scatter'd around:
The sweet smiling infant,
In its earliest breath,
Ah! how oft is it nipt,
By the cold hand of *death!*

WILLIAM—OR THE BROKEN HEART.

They say I'm false?—(thus William sigh'd,)
How slightly have they prob'd my breast;
Or they had found it was denied,
Ere yet that charge had been express'd:
No!——yonder Orb of silver light,
Or twinkling Star that points the pole;
Ne'er witnessed with their phases bright,
More constant vows than bind my soul!
And never while that Star shall shine,
Or the pale Moon its course shall move—
While sense or thought or life is mine,
WILL I FORGET THE FAIR I LOVE!

They say I'm false?—search then this heart,
By fell misfortunes rendered sore;
See woe has winged her keenest dart,
And sorrows stream from ev'ry pore:
Yet you can view imprinted there,
The image it first learnt to prize;
Still bright and fresh and chaste and fair,
As first it met my rapturous eyes—
But round it, *all* is chill as snow,
Where feeling flies but to expire;
Not Venus' self could wake one glow,
Had sorrow left unquench'd its fire!

They say I'm false?—I do not wed
Her who was dearest in life's morn;
Should I with weeds deck Hymen's bed,

Or hang a Lily on a thorn?
Should sable cypress dare to shade,
The blooming honey-suckle round,
Or brows, where smiles have ever play'd,
With wreaths of gloomy woe be bound?
Then charge me not with falsehood more,
But let me live and pine alone;
I ne'er can doom her I adore,
To share misfortunes not her own!

A FATHER'S HOPE—A MOTHER'S JOY CUT DOWN.

The evening's sun, was sinking low,
And his beams from the azure west;
Through the curtains cast a feeble glow,
On the pillow that Henry prest.

And wan was the cheek and dim the eye,
The sun that eve his rays cast o'er;
And cold the dew on his forehead high,
And pale was the look that it wore.

Fainter and fainter his breath he drew,
And soon was fixed his beamless eye;
Paler and paler his sweet lips grew,
As life's last tides were rolling by.

And the parent's saw their dying child,
How agonis'd the mother's mind?

And the father's tear-stained visage mild,
Told that he *felt*—but was *resign'd* !

The hand of each Henry faintly took,
A smile he gave as sunk the Sun ;
Then his last breath and his death cold look,
Told them that nature's work was done.

Bright be thy memory ! darling youth,
Cut down ere life had scarce begun ;
Thy early path—was trodden in truth,
A WELL BELOV'D AND LOVING SON.

THE REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER.

His form is like to the wasted oak,
With its trunk and branches drooping ;
By the weight of years, his strength is broke,
And low is his body stooping.

His locks are like to the fallen snow,
In the winter's sunshine melting ;
More scatter'd and thin and white they grow,
As time is upon them pelting !

On his brow, has age, with heavy hand,
His furrows been deeply tracing ;
On his face once blooming, fair and bland,
Decay its rude touch is placing.

His eye is obscur'd by dark'ning film,
And lost is its brightness beaming ;

From the taper's blaze, has it waned dim,
As the feeblest rush-light's gleaming.

His blood is like to the valley's rill,
In freezing December flowing;
Whose current moves slowly on, and still
More chilly—and cold—is growing.

The air hung web—is his woof of breath,
Threads, the zephyr breeze might sever;
And he calmly waits the blast of death,
To break its feeble strength forever!

THE DREAM—To S****.

I hear thy tread—thy fairy tread,
Light, as in past and happier days;
To meet thee love—in haste I'm led,
With outstretch'd arms and strained gaze:
Thy beaming eyes quick light on mine,
Those eyes I thought to see no more;
I mark them in their mildness shine,
With the kind look they ever wore.

And thy dear form—thy lovely form,
Which bursts thus on my rapturd sight
I clasp fast to my bosom warm,
I press it there and drink delight—
And closer round thy yielding z ne,
As warms the soul—my arms entwine;

Oh! his must be a heart of stone,
Which would not fire in meeting thine?

I press thy lips—thy coral lips,
And cheek meets cheek with chastest glow;
Not such pure sweets the bee e'er sips,
Nor such soft bloom the peach can show:
Quick flies the impress thro' my soul,
Like fire it burns in ev'ry vein;
And mad with bliss—beyond control,
I kiss and burn, and kiss again!

Within my arms—my glowing arms,
As thou more close and dear art prest;
Bliss dims my sight—fast fade thy charms,
And life seems fleeting from my breast:
To taste thy lips I would essay,
And move to sip their honey'd stream,
I try in vain—thou fad'st away,
I wake, ye Gods! *'tis all a Dream!*

THE THREE EPOCHS OF LIFE.

BIRTH, MARRIAGE AND DEATH.

I.

Behold the lovely infant's fragile form,
How sweet, how innocent it lies;
What heart, that seeing, does not warm,
Or hearing, melts not at its cries?

Angels they seem, though form of flesh be given,
To hide the spirit, pure as those in heaven!

II.

When early sports and plays are o'er,
And youth, to hardy manhood's grown;
When early toys shall please no more,
And beauty's flow'r is fully blown:
Wedlock fulfils creation's heav'nly plan,
Links fast the fate, and seals the happiness of man!

III.

Death tears the infant from the breast,
And makes the lovely prey his own;
The blooming youth he lays to rest,
Ere life to him is fully known:
Nature, too, calls wearied age to his last sleep,
Sleep of the Grave! how long, how sound, how deep!

"The Turkish fleet, with troops, to commence against "the Greeks the campaign of the season, have appeared "among the islands—the Greeks are ready to make the "best resistance in their power, and to accomplish all that "skill and bravery can effect with their small force."
Nat. Intelligencer 1823.

A GRECIAN ODE,—IN FOUR PARTS.

Alarm—Lament—Invocation—and Resolve.

ALARM.

See 'midst our isles a pompous fleet,
'Tis Turkish streamers proudly wave!
Come they as friends, come they in peace;
Or come they Grecians to enslave?

RESPONSE.

No signals of friendship float gayly on high,
No *white flag* of peace they display;
But broad the black pendants of cruelty fly,
Curst sign of Mahometan sway—
And rank'd on each deck are the blood thirsty band,
With weapons of death fast grasp'd in each hand—
They breathe 'gainst the vot'ries of FREEDOM their ire,
They breathe it in threats of destruction most dire—
While on high the proud Moslem standard they rear;
By the name of the infidel prophet they swear,
"That the flag of the FAITHFUL, in vict'ry shall wave,
O'er the innocent Greek—O'er Liberty's grave!"

LAMENT.

Weep innocence—sweet beauty weep!
For thy spoilers, curst spoilers, have come—
Fair beauty may stop their fell sweep,
Or, soften the innocent's doom!

RESPONSE.

No—vain are thy tears, tho' in rivers they flow,
Vain for their mercy thy suppliant cry;
They ne'er knew to pity—they ne'er felt its glow
At misery's tenderest sigh!—
REMEMBER THE DUTCH'RIES ON SCIO'S FAIR ISLE,
Where AGE was their victim and BEAUTY their spoil,—
What torrents of innocent blood was there shed,
What ruin wide over our Country was spread—
All that savage could do, was savagely done;
Ne'er more may such scenes befall 'neath our sun.

For the infidels swore "That the Crescent should wave,
O'er the innocent Greek—O'er Liberty's grave."

INVOCATION.

Our Country's wrongs now loudly call
Each Spartan hero to the field—
They bid him march, they bid him fall,
Ere Liberty he meanly yield—

RESPONSE.

Then rise sons of Sparta, who're warm for the fight,
At the call of your country arise;
If you fall you shall fall for your country's just right,
And *deathless* renown is your prize!
Remember the deeds your forefathers done,
Remember the laurels LEONIDAS won;
Then swear by those deeds, by that sacred name,
That the acts of the sons shall ne'er tarnish their fame;
That the chains shall be sever'd your country has worn
That the wrongs be redress'd your country has borne;
That the Eagle of Greece to the Crescent won't yield,
If an arm's to defend, or a Greek on the field!

RESOLVE.

By the deeds of our sires we swear,
From danger nor death ne'er to fly,
Nor tarnish the name that we bear,
But Freemen live—or Freemen die!

RESPONSE.

Yes! such were your sires recorded in story;
When Xerxes of old did invade;

And the young sons of Greece shall rival their glory,
Not suffer their laurels to *fade*—
For the spirit of Freedom now glows in each breast,
And the ensigns of battle wave high o'er each crest;
No dangers shall damp such a heavenly glow,
Tho' torrents of blood from Grecians should flow;
Yet still towards the foe they onward shall bear,
Still the proud standard of Freedom they'll rear—
And the Eagle of Greece to the Cressent won't yield,
If an arm's to defend, or a Greek on the fild!

AN EXCLAMATION.

Hold! lovely Myra—lay aside,
That horrid rouge and pencil;
You're raising now a debt to pride,*
No time can ever cancel!
Had your old mother, Nature, seen you,
She surely would have frowned;
Nor does the poet *dare* to screen you,
As *beauty's queen* you're crowned.

When Nature gives each comely grace,
To female form and feature;
'Tis wrong, by art, to spoil the face
Of such a lovely creature:

*Painting will eventually give the skin a roughness, and the complexion a sallowness of cast, which can never be repaired.

Coquettes, by age or care consuming,
With prudence might have done it;
But Myra! young, gay and fresh and blooming,
O fie! O fie! O fie! upon it!

LINES

WRITTEN ON A BACKGAMMON BOX,

BOUND IN THE FORM OF A BOOK.

TO THE READER.

If thou art wise my friend ne'er look,
Nor ask the *learned* the arts to tell;
In the dark pages of this book,
Known but to them perhaps too well.
For many a tale of woe is told,
By those deep in its secrets skilled;
And they who've dared its leaves unfold,
Full many a breast with grief has filled.

Its binding is oft washed with tears,
Blood stains are sprinkled on each line;
MIDNIGHT its frontispiece appears,
Where demons of destruction shine:
There HATE displays its black impress,
SELF-MURDER stalks with maddened mein
Foul FRAUD assumes its painted dress,
And RUIN raving wild is seen.

The widowed heart has often bled,
And mourned a husband's early end;

The orphans tears have oft been shed,
For loss of parent or of friend:
And many a youth of prospects bright,
Down ruin's brink this book has hurled;
Bent o'er its page some luckless night,
Morn saw him in *another* world!

Thou magic work of blackest hell,
How pleasures seem round thee to smile;
Attractive shines thy fatal spell,
And harmless seems thy deep laid wile;
But once within thy toils they end,
Virtue's dread Rubicon is past;
And life and fortune oft depend,
Upon the die's uncertain cast!

SMILES AND TEARS.

There are *smiles* for the grave and smiles for the gay,
And smiles on some features that ever will play,
But of all the sweet smiles, O! give me I pray,
The soft beaming smile of affection!

Tis the smile that enchants like the fanciful dream,
Where beautiful visions realities seem,
'Tis a smile the most lasting and ever will beam,
To rivet the bonds of affection!

Let winning young Anna, still useff the same wiles,
And boast of her *conquests*, her *captures* and spoils,
I'll cling to my Mary from whom beam the smiles,
The dear loving smiles of affection!

There are *tears* from the heart and tears from the head,
That flow *from* the living and *fall* for the dead,
But of all the sad tears that ever were shed,
Give me the warm tears of affection!

'Tis the tear that enchains the sensitive mind,
'Tis the tear that each feeling in nature will bind,
And proves that the heart is constant kind,
And throbbing alone for affection!

On the cheek of my Mary where beauty's pure glow,
Mingles its hue with the whiteness of snow,
How delightful to view as ling'ring they flow,
The tears—the warm tears of affection!

DELAMORE FOREST.*

He who forgets the early groves,
Where youthful pleasures flew;
No other country ever loves,
To none will e'er prove true.——M'CREERY.

Where wide spreading forests and cloud-reaching mountains,
By nature array'd in their garbs of deep green;
And rock-broken streamlets and pure flowing fountains,
With grandeur and beauty embellish the scene:—
Full oft have I wander'd—o'er ills fancied, repining,
Till I sunk to repose by the oak or the yew;
And there in the visions of fancy, reclining,
Have tasted those pleasures—the heart never knew;

*In Culpeper County, Virginia, the birth-place of "THE STRANGER."

And can I forget these dear scenes of my childhood,
Which peaceful and happy, I oft rambled o'er ;
The mountains, the streamlets, and wide-spreading wild-
wood,
Oh, no! I ne'er *can* forget thee—I ne'er *will* forget
thee, dear DELAMORE.

On the brow of that hill, where the walnut expanding,
Affords a cool shade from the summer sun's ray ;
Is the old oaken Hall of my ancestors standing,
With its moss cover'd roof—deep mark'd by decay :—
And there is the spot, where in silence they're sleeping,
O! rever'd be that place, as their memory blest ;
And long may the willow, there mournfully weeping,
Wave green o'er the sod where my ancestors rest!
And can I forget these dear scenes of my childhood,
The old oaken Hall—though I view it no more ;
The walnut, the willow, and wide-spreading wildwood!
Oh, no! I ne'er *can* forget thee—I ne'er *will* forget
thee, dear DELAMORE.

'Tis there dwell the Parents, who my early steps guided,
The Father who warn'd me from many a snare ;
And the doubly dear Mother—whose affection provided,
A comfort to quiet each infantile care :
And there too the Brothers—who by pleasure invited,
With me o'er the mountains and vallies would roam ;
And the still dearer Sisters—who in evening delighted,
With the kiss of affection, would welcome us home!
Then can I forget these dear scenes of my childhood,

Those parents so kind, that I ne'er may see more;
My brothers, my sisters, and wide-spreading wildwood!
Oh, no! I ne'er *can* forget thee—I ne'er *will* forget thee, dear DELAMORE.

EGBERT AND ADELINE.

Ere passion's mild glow had shed o'er the soul,
Its warmest influence to soften the mind;
Ere Egbert's young heart had known the control
Of feelings which ever exquisitely bind:
Full vainly he thought, that on earth ne'er a maid,
His heart should enslave, for a day or an hour;
Full vainly he thought, and as vainly he said,
He never would kneel, to own Cupid's power.

But soon the blind God an arrow let fly,
At the heart of the youth who own'd not his sway;
That arrow, a glance from Adeline's eye,
Whence love's surest weapons continually play:
The shaft was the keenest e'er sent from his bow,
Or drawn from his quiver at mortals to aim;
And, true to the mark, caused Egbert to know,
The pain and the pow'r of the love killing flame.

The wound is yet bleeding, time will not heal,
The mischief that beauty unconsciously done;
While a hope in his breast young Egbert may feel,
That *time* will e'er crown what *Cupid* begun:
And so soft are the bonds, so sweet are the pains,

Attending love's arrows, when keenest they fly,
He wishes, forever, to wear the soft chains,
Forever be pierc'd by young Adeline's eye.

THE WHITE ROSE.

Sweet Adeline cull'd from the garden a rose,
Worth a queen or a Princess's wearing;
Its hues were the softest, and Adeline chose
The freshest the green stem was bearing:
Delightful the fragrance, for still the pure dew,
Sparkl'd bright in the beams of the morning;
The white of the lilly—the pink's lovely hue
Was this queen of the flow'rs adorning!

I hastily grasp'd it and call'd it my own,
For the flow'r to me was extended;
My rudeness was check'd by a half formed frown,
Where anger with sweetness was blended:
I relinquish'd the grasp, which rudely I'd took,
But the rose—I wish'd much to wear it:
Again she objected, but told with a look,
That I to young Egbert might bear it!

Then she said with a smile, a sweet winning smile—
Such a smile! I did not expect it;
Here's a *red rose* for *you*, pray wear it a while,
'Tis friendship's pure gift, ne'er reject it:
But the *white one*, to *Egbert*, young Egbert, O bear,
To know then from whence? should he crave it;

Bid him next his heart the rose ever to wear,
But tell never, O! never who gave it!

OUR LAST EARTHLY COMFORTS.

Tho' fading fast—is from our sight,
Each shadow of life's pleasing dream;
Tho' death be shrouding us in night,
A moment's joy may sometimes beam:
That moment's when, shall reach our ear,
The suppliant sounds that for us raise;
From some dear object that is near,
To meet our last expiring gaze.

Tho' sorrows cloud the feeling mind,
And troubles fill the breast with care;
That breast may sometimes haply find
A moment still, to mem'ry dear:
That moment's when, hope's vision shall,
Tell us our sorrows will not last;
That moment's when we can recall
Scenes of delight which long have past.

Tho' pains may wrack the tortured frame,
With ev'ry ill of life our lot;
There is a time that we would name,
THE MOMENT NE'ER TO BE FORGOT:
That moment's when *some generous hand*
With kindred feeling shall extend;

That moment's while the soul expands,
With HEART-WARM WISHES FOR A FRIEND.

THE PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

There was a day—but it has gone,
That day was in life's early morn—
When pleasing hopes were brightly gleaming,
And pleasures sweet were round me streaming,
When nought of sorrow I was dreaming,
And parents smiles were on me beaming,
Each moment bliss, with nought between it,
That day has been—and I have seen it!

There was a day—when I could smile,
And pleasure idle hours beguile—
When ne'er a thought was to distress me,
And ne'er a care was to oppress me,
When friends and kindred all did bless me,
And oft with rapture did caress me—
When for me pain'd—they would not own it,
That day has been—and I have known it!

There was a day—the day of love—
When tender passion did me move,
Till my false mistress from me turned,
And her deception I discerned,
Then love's soft flame no longer burned,
And ne'er to trust her more, I learned—
The path of love—what snares beset it,
That day has been—and I regret it!

There was day when fortune smil'd,
And competence each care beguil'd,
When nought for *future* I was caring,
No *future* woes or ills was fearing,
And each soft breeze was quite endearing,
That me to *pleasure's* port was steering—
Ah! sweet *that day*—memory cheers it,
That day has been—and tho't endears it!

There was a day—and shall I tell,
(While sorrows keen my heart shall swell)
I had a friend who ne'er deceived me,
I lov'd that friend and he believ'd me,
But of that friend has death bereav'd me,
Oh! *at that stroke*, had he too cleav'd me—
It op'd a wound—and time can't heal it,
That day has been—and still I feel it!

These days have been—but they're no more,
My hours of bliss have all past o'er,
For now has come the day of mourning,
When fortune, dark, is on me frowning—
And care each pleasing tho't is drowning,
With *hopeless woe*—my misery crowning—
No path is left, for me to see it,
This day has been—and still I see it!

The day may come, when hope again
Shall smile and soothe the keenest pain—
When dry shall be each tear of sorrow,
And *care* my cheeks no longer furrow,

When each new tho't some zest shall borrow,
To cheer those scenes which come to-morrow—
And friendship's tie—chance may renew it
That day—may come—and shall I view it?

THE WIDOW'S DAUGHTER.

A FRAGMENT.

The sun was peeping o'er the hills,
His morning rays were beaming;
And glittered on the falling rills,
Which o'er the rocks were streaming
The drops of dew hung on the blades,
Of tender clover springing;
And o'er the heights and thro' the glades,
The tuneful birds were singing.

To win young SUE I hied along,
Resolved my faith to plight her;
And carolled gay a rustic song,
No monarch's heart was lighter.
Her cot was on the mountain side,
O'er which she tripped featly;
Blushing in all her youthful pride,
A wild rose smelling sweetly.

Modest as virtue's self might be,
No artful polish taught her;
Nor great nor noble name had she,
An humble widow's daughter.
Her innocence was half her wealth,

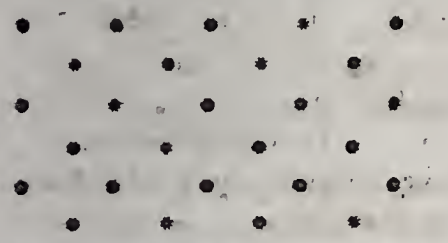
The other was her beauty;
Combined with freshly blooming health,
Sure 'twas no trifling booty!

O'er hill and dale my pathway led,
Spring was her beauties strewing;
A rich perfume, the wild flow'rs shed,
The air their sweets imbuing.
Young manhood was but budding too,
The world a garden seeming;
And pleasures plucked where e'er they grew,
Of thorns nor sorrows dreaming.

No counsel taking from the past,
Nor for the future caring;
I hailed that a propitious blast,
That seemed to *love* be veering:
So on went I, in cheerful mood,
My heart alternate swelling;
With hope and fear, untill I stood,
Before young Susan's dwelling.

Sweet was this mountain damsels cot,
The apple-tree waved o'er it;
A rich and lovely garden spot,
In beauty spread before it:
The flower bean upon the eaves,
Its curling way was winding;
The woodbine's wreath of viny leaves,
The lattice windows binding;

Just at the sill, a rose bud young,
To greet the morn was peeping;
The dew drops from its petals hung,
And down its stem were creeping,
Who could have plucked this flow'ret fair,
Its tender beauties crushing;
My heart forbid! I left it there,
In all its fragrance blushing!



May Heaven strike the villian dead,
Who wrongs the widow's daughter!

ODE ON SUMMER.

'Twas where the mountains range sae lang*
Adorn'd with aiks baith tall an' strang,
That first I penn'd the blith'some sang,
O' love fu' chearry—
Or faint wi' workin' in the hay,
Amang its with'ring blades ha' lay,
On many a burnin' summer's day,
Fu' weary.

*The Blue Ridge, second in range, height, and majestic beauty in the United States.

'Twas here the flow'rets oft I view'd
Cut down by ruthless hand an' rude,
As fading a' I saw them strewed
Around me.
And here reflection first pourtray'd,
In colors strong, not yet decay'd,
How all the joys of earth may fade,
Just like the blossoms:
How sweet the scenes we ha' to mourn,
How a' the ills o' life are borne,
How mony friens' awa' are torn,
Far frae our bosoms.
The Simmer's Sun shines braw an' bright.
An' sheds awhile his cheering light,
—O'er a' the warle'—
Till dark'ning clouds or awsome night,
Shall veil him fra' the mortal sight,
O' ev'ry carle.
But soon the morn returns again,
Or soon is past the clouds an' rain,—
Sol pours abroad his beams o' light,
An' warms the chilly dews o' night
On ev'ry flow'r—
But ah! his rays its bud may blight
In the neist hour!
'Tis so—the morn of man will rise,
Wi' prospects fair for mony joys,
An' hopes aloof that high him buoys,
Thro' life fu' light—

Misfortune comes, an angry cloud—
His prospects blight, his joys shroud,
In darksome night.
But time may bring the mornin' sun,
When fell misfortune's race is run,
An' a' her work o'sorrow's done,
She can—
Then prospects fair again may bloom,
As those that shin'd afore the gloom,
An' joys as sweet as e'er possest,
May gi' the troubled bosom rest,
Of man!
Again my friens', as ance I've sang,
When I lay stretch'd the hay amang,
On summer's day—
Watchin' fu' close the mawer's straike,
As thro' the waving grass he brake,
I've seen a stalk abcon the rest,
Rear high its richly studded crest—
Or seen a gay bedecket flow'r
Rich product of a summer hour,
An' fit to grace a kingly bow'r,
Low in the *swarth* to take their place,
Wi' a' their majesty an' grace,
Cut down!
The brawest lad, the gayest lass,
Wha' ever wark'd the hay amang,
On May-day, danc'd upo' the grass,
Or 'neath the shady tree has sang—

May in their gay, their youthful prime,
E'er they in ha' rin out half the time
That's ca'd o' mortal life the span,
That God has gi'en unto man—
Wi' a' their graces—beauties a',
Aneath the scythe o' death may fa'
Fu' low!
An' he wha sings—wha' tunes this lay
Upon a blith'some summer's day,
For a' his cheeks now bloom, he may
Soon die!
An' this gay clod, wi' mither clay,
Mingling lie!

A LAMENTATION,

For the breakage of a 10 Gallon Punch pitcher, in a storm, June 1824.

Come a' ye drinkers, high an' merry,
Come a' ye lads for *punch* an' sherry,
Come on ye topers, dull or chearie,
I'll na' deceive ye:
I'm gaun' to tell o' what will scare ye,
Or muckle grieve ye!

Come a' ye rum an' gin distillers,
(O' half mankind ye are the killers,)
Come a' ye drawers an' ye fillers,
An' quick repent ye,

O' drunkards' temples ye're are pillars,
Come and lament ye!

Come a' ye late and early boosers,
Come a' ye beer and brandy choosers,
Come a' ye *winners* an' ye *loosers*,
By luck or folly:

And lastly come all bloody bruisers
Be melancholy!
The prince o' the wild air aboon,
Wha dwells mayhap, high as the moon,
Has sent, alas! and sent too soon—
Wi' a sound twitcher,
His windy, blustering pow'r doun,
And broke our Pitcher!

I see ye stretch your jaws asunder,
I see ye ope your eyes in wonder,
The de'il suld e'er ha made the blunder,
An' went so hard to't;
And a' to smash, his cronies plunder,
Wi'out regard to't!

That *Pitcher*, where guid drink has floated,
The *drink* on which we topers doated,
Rum-punch I mean, wi' nutmeg coated,
O! wad ye try it;
Ye'd drink, I'm sure, till ye were bloated,
Then lay doun by it!

O! had ye seen the woundy blast,
As on its skirling wings it past,

An' down the roofs and chimines cast,
Like thunder crashing;
Or had ye seen the rain as fast
As torrents dashing:—

Ye'd say, ye never did remember,
Not e'en the like in cauld November,
Nor sic' a *rain* in wet September,
The very cream o't:
Nor sic' a wind—not e'en December
Wad ever dream o't!

O! that a day like this, in June,
Wi' sic a *gust* just *after noon*;
When we were handling dish an' spoon,
Suld come an' shake it,
Then *blaw the Mammoth Pitcher* doun,
An' smashing breák it!

EPISTLE
TO A YOUNG AND PRETTY LASSIE.

O! thou young winning, winsome creature,
Thou Angel's self in form an' feature,
Thou sweetest o' sweet temper'd nature,
Now for thysel'—
An honest Bardie fain wad greet you,
His mind to tell.

I'm no that cringing, senseles fool,
That on his knees wad sing his dool,
While you might laugh or thraw the stool,
At the puir dunce:

But here will state baith clear an' cool,
The point at once.

I love your bonnie, blooming cheek,
I love those smiles sae mild an' meek,
I love the very words you speak;
An' wad na tire,
To hear ye sing for a hale week,
But still admire.

I love that waving auburn hair,
That floats sae' careless in the air;
I love that neck, sae smooth, sae fair,
As marble white,
I love that brow—'tis free frae care,
An' speaks delight.

I love that mischief-beaming eye,
Its glances—modest, sweet, an' sly;
I love those *lips* of cherry dye,
Wha does na miss them?
There is a cause—an' I'll tell why—
I canna kiss them!

Ye ken that lang—*that lang white thing*,
Which frae your bonnets a' does hing,
And o'er your faces e'er ye fling,
O' muslin claith?
It seems wi' you its course to wing,
Like evil wraith!

I think 'tis *veils*—ye lasses ca' them,
An' may the worst o' ills befa' them,

If far away—ye dinna' thra' them—
They stap my bliss;
An' they're the cause, ye a' must know,
I canna kiss.

Auld nature—mistress o' her trade,
Says when ye lasses braw are made,
She takes her smoothest, sharpest blade,
To trim ye out!
Then ranks ye as the brightest grade
That gangs about.

If nature takes sic muckle care,
To make ye a' sae guid an' fair,
I wonder how ye a' will daré,
Thus ne'er to show,
But hide so much, those beauties rare,
She does bestow?

Then *lassie*—o' this land the pride—
If those sweet lips, ye will na' hide,
But sometimes thra' the veil aside,
I'll love thee better;
An' sing thy praise, baith far an' wide,
In my neist letter.

EPISTLE OF CONSOLATION TO ——

JAMIE:

When a' your foes hae took their pens,
To lash ye now ye've got in trouble;
And some o' your sunshiny friens'

Are helpin' i' the noisy bubble:
I've took my pen an' ink in hand,
Some comfort for to gie ye,
For troth I could na' idle stand,
An' see the wretches flee ye,
On sic a day, Jamie!

I'm of your country, kith and kin,
But that is nae great matter;
For baith yoursel' and country's been
Disgrac'd by this court clatter:
Now Jamie, mon, I will na' raise,
For *this*, the de'il about ye;
This act, although I canna praise,
I still disdain to flout ye,
On ony day, Jamie!

I fear they've got ye—honest man,
Fast in a squeezing hobble;
An' troth 'tis said 'twas your ain plan,
That started first the squabble:
Fu' fain wad I now lift ye out,
But mortal strength can't do it;
Were I the task to gang about,
I might be made to rue it,
For mony a day, Jamie!

Though friendly, Jamie, to yoursel',
An' loth to hear detraction;
I canna draw the hiding veil,
O'er a low, unmanly action:

An' this, I'm told, (for mony say,)
Of such they now accuse ye,
But for your sake, I hope an' pray,
The maist o' them abuse ye,
About this thing, Jamie!

But if 'tis *true*—as 'tis believed,
Comfort wi' this reflection;
That ne'er before, you man deceived,
By such a dereliction:
An' *promise*, Jamie—promise true,
If ance they will forgie ye;
The like again ye'll never do,
Whilst light an' life are wi' ye,
In this wide warld, Jamie!

Men laud their fav'rites to the skies,
For trifles gie a princely crown;
Bread, won a *fisherman* the prize,
An' trifles light soon bro't him down:
The day has been—'twas nae lang back,
When *half the world* wad kiss ye;
The hour has come—close in its track,
When *a' the Earth* will hiss ye,
For mony a day, Jamie!

COMMERCE AND AGRICULTURE.

Commerce and Agriculture, hail,
Thy progress is this Nation's pride;

Sons of the SEA shall trim the sail,
Sons of the SOIL, the plough will guide.

From these a Nation's wealth must flow,
Each comfort too that we enjoy;
We to the sea-beat Tar must owe,
Or to the humble Farmer's boy.

OURSELVES AND OUR COUNTRY,

Addressed to native American Bards.

Let the EAST boast their wit, their genius and learning,
And knowledge beyond the common mind's span,
While the WEST shall unite, their own merits discerning,
And show to the world an AMERICAN MAN!

Let them boast of their Bards on the old horse *Pegasus*,
And tell how they quaff from *Pierian* springs;
O! if they in reach would only once place us,
We'd show how the MUSE OF AMERICA sings!

Let them tell of *Parnassus*, the mount of the Muses,
Calliope, Clio, and all the sweet train;
Such heathenish names not only confuses,
But muddles complete an AMERICAN BRAIN!

If a mount we must have, there's old *Alleghany*,
Where their bardships may soar, who bear our own name;
And for a *Pegassus*, if we must have any,
We'll mount a young nag call'd AMERICAN FAME!

And then for the *muses*, oh! the *muses* divine,
To the heights of *Parnassus*, we'll never go there;

Nor fly to Pierus to cull from the *nine*,
While *thousands* we have of AMERICAN FAIR!

If a God* we must worship, must beg and implore,
To worship and kneel let us bend not in vain;
But the Deity† serve, our forefathers of yore,
Have plac'd in our sacred AMERICAN FANE!

Our lyres shall be strung to love, freedom and glory,
In *peace* as in *war*, we'll prove ourselves men;
From the wings of our EAGLE, renowned in story,
We'll pluck ourselves each, an AMERICAN PEN!

Then while we can sing of our own native mountains,
Boast of the boon for which our fathers fought hard
Kneel to *our muses*—and quaff from our fountains,
Oh! who would not be an AMERICAN BARD!

HAIL TO THE DAY!

A Song written for the celebration of the 48th anniversary of American Independence, and sung at the Theatre by Mr. WYNNE, of the Petersburg Blues, on Monday, 5th July, 1824. TUNE—"*Hail to the Chief.*"

Hail to the Day! whose remembrance still brightens,
The years when a gloom o'ershadowed our land.
Hail to the Day! whose effulgence enlightens,
The names and the fame of Liberty's Band!

*Apollo, the God of Music.
†Liberty.

Those who the cause begun,
They who our Freedom won,
A Washington, Warren—La Fayette, and Lee:
And those who on this day,
Broke thro' the tyrant's sway,
When Jefferson proclaim'd Man equal and free!

Hail to this Day! when the beacon was lighted,
Freedom's proud banners we broad did display;
Hail to the day! that a tyrant's hope blighted;
And spread round his throne the glare of dismay:
Long may the beacon blaze!
Long we'll the flagstaff raise,
A light and a guide to each nation afar—
O how our bosoms swell,
When we exulting tell,
That Liberty reigns—beneath our proud Star!

The South saw our emblem—high it was streaming,
The light of our torches was spreading its glare;
It was LIBERTY'S SUN on slavery beaming,
And lighted the bondsmen to death and to war!
Victory has crown'd them,
Glory shines around them,
The din of their battles no longer we hear;
And great Bolivar's name,
Is handed down to Fame,
With the blessings of all to whom Freedom is dear!

The EAST saw the beacon—bright it was blazing,
And rous'd from the depths of gloomy despair,

They saw too our banners as proudly we raising,
Display'd them to float unfurl'd in the air!
Still dear the Patriot name,
GREECE! caught the noble flame,
And swore by her Heroes—Freedom to gain:
Soon her swords were gleaming,
Soon her ensign streaming,
Wav'd o'er the Crescent and broke their vile chain!

No Alliance on Earth with armies crusading,
Shall dare on the soil of the Free to advance;
The hosts thus the rights of Freemen invading,
We'll meet at the points of the sword and lance.
Then the base slaves shall know,
Their danger as our foe,
We fear not their pow'r, and scorning to bend,
Loud we'll raise Freedom's swell,
To their armies we will tell,
What our Fathers have won, their Sons can defend!

Charge high your glasses who still dare to be men,
Your voices then swell to the thunder's bold strain;
And tell to the world—cemented as Freemen,
Her powers *united* can't rend us in twain!
Drink death to the bigot blind,
Death to the coward hind,
Who refuses to toast—who dares not to fight—
On this day's bright return,
Or when war's torches burn,
To light us to battle for Freedom and Right!

Now for our dear Sires—Sisters—Wives—Mothers—
We ask the best gifts that Heaven can send,
And swear that their Sons, their Husbands and Brothers,
Will *them* and their *Country* forever defend!
On the bright page of story,
Our Sires' deeds of glory,
Will shine while shall wave the Eagle and Star:
They from life retiring,
We their deeds admiring,
Will like them defend *our* rights and the Fair!

Then Hail to the Day! each Freeman inspiring,
With feelings the noblest our bosoms can know;
Hail to those Deeds! distant ages admiring,
Shall feel as the warmth of Freedom's pure glow—
Long may blest Liberty,
Be dear to the Memory,
We'll cherish and guard it till life is no more:
Then to our Posterity,
Hand the *rich Legacy*,
And bid them defend it while Time shall endure!

THE FRIEND I CAN TRUST,

AND THE GIRL I CAN LOVE.

AIR—*Eagle of Freedom.*

Let kings boast their power, dominion and sway,
And misers their gold and their silver display;
These blessings, Oh! grant me, ye powers above,
A friend I can trust and a girl I can love.

With a soul free from pride, and a heart that is true,
A mind and a conscience disdaining to do
An action unworthy, while through life I rove,
Of a friend I can trust or a girl I can love.

Then greater than monarchs of highest degree,
And richer than misers, in spirit I'll be ;
For neither can boast, though in grandeur they move,
Of a friend they can trust or a girl they can love.

By yon shining sun in the Heavens I swear,
I'll never desert a dear *friend* or dear *fair*,
But faithful and true I forever will prove,
To HIM *I can trust and to* HER *I can love.*

LA FAYETTE'S WELCOME TO PETERSBURG.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF ! who so bravely defended,
Liberty's cause with his fortune and blade ;
Hail to the Chief ! whose BLOOD has been blended,
With the SOIL where the foes of our country were laid ;*
Long shall this tale be told,
Bright has it been enroll'd,
Entwin'd and enwreath'd around his blest NAME ;
In the hearts of the FREE,
Deep shall it ever be,
And with TIME alone—fade his glory and FAME !

*At the battle of Brandywine, where LA FAYETTE was severely wounded.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF! in the midst of whose glory,
We welcome again on Columbia's shore,
His name shall be bright on the pages of story,
When tyrants and despots are heard of no more:
Long may the Hero live,
Long life may Heaven give,
And grant that he share what his bravery won;
For in life should he be,
In the Land of the FREE,
And in death should he sleep by lov'd WASHINGTON.

STANZAS—TO JULIA.

I'll never sing the rose's glow,
Or the glitt'ring diamond bright;
While you such cheeks as these can show,
Or eyes that shed so pure a light;
I'll never sing the cherry's dye,
Or tell thee of the jet's black hue,
While tempting lips like thine are nigh,
Or raven locks like yours I view:—
I'll never sip the cheering glass,
Which gives at best a transient bliss;
While I can steal, dear smiling lass,
From thee, one soft, soul-melting kiss!

I'll never sing the mountain's snow,
Or boast the polish'd marble's white;
While you can such a bosom show,

Or bare a neck so pearly bright:
I'll never sing the Perii warm,
Or tell thee of the Persian fair;
While thou art such a fairy form,
Adorn'd with more than magic air:
I'll never sing, of Venus's charms,
Or think of other beauties nigh;
While folded in thy glowing arms,
I breathe my soul in one warm sigh!

THE CHOCTAW CHIEFTAN--
*PUSH-MA-TA-HA.**

I could wish, ere I fall, to press the bold hand
Of some Warrior, whose soul was great as my own;
For Heroes whose spirits, flame fierce as the brand,
Should never be left, to expire alone!
O! call then the CHIEF!† who to battle has led,
The sons of the *Forest* and *Field* in array;
And bid him approach the gloomy death-bed,
Of his Red brother Chieftain PUSH-MA-TA-HA!

*He was a Chief of the Choctaw nation, who fought under Gen. JACKSON, and gained his distinguished approbation. He died at Washington City on the 24th of December, in the 60th year of his age. In his last moments he expressed a wish to see his gallant leader, and after giving some direction about the disposition of his affairs, concluded by saying, "*When I am dead, let the big guns be fired over me.*"--His request was respected, and his body accompanied to the grave by Gen. Jackson, two Volunteer Companies, the Marine Corps, many members of Congress, and a large and highly respectable concourse of Citizens.

†General Jackson.

O! the Warrior brave—was ever my pride,
And *dearest* his friendship who *deepest* had bled;
No coward *in life*, dared stand by my side
And none should be near, a Warrior *when dead*:
So when for my soul—the GREAT SPIRIT shall call,
And these battle nerv'd arms, shall motionless lay;
Let *none* but the *Brave*, support the dark pall,
That shrouds the remains of PUSH-MA-TA-HA!

I've borne the *Red Flag*—in the front of the fight,
Unawed have I faced the death-dealing train;
And my spirit will hover—o'er Earth with delight,
To view these fierce symbols—of battle again:
Then when my cold corse, shall sleep in the grave,—
When this war-wasted frame, is deep in the clay;
O! round let the banners of bright crimson wave,
And "*the big guns be fired o'er* PUSH-MA-TA-HA!"*

LINES,

Presented to General La Fayette, by Wm. Niblo, infant son of John Niblo, Esq. of Petersburg, Va. on Saturday the 30th of October, 1824.

When o'er our land did fiercely lower,
Destruction, death and battling rage;
And 'gainst our rights a tyrant power,
Unholy war did madly wage;
When few and poor that veteran band had grown,
Who fought for Freemen's *laws* against a *lawless* throne:

*His own words.

'Twas then you came, a youthful Chief,
And in our cause dar'd to engage;
With *open hands* you brought relief,
And threw our foes your battle gage:
Nor sheath'd your sword—nor clos'd your gen'rous hand,
Till Freedom crown'd, and Peace had bless'd our land.

And now, FAYETTE, on thy return,
Amidst the grateful, brave and free;
Ten millions tongues with ardor burn,
To honor, praise and welcome thee:
Even *Infancy*—with manhood's bloom and bending age,
Unites, to bless and crown thee, PATRIOT, HERO, SAGE!

LA FAYETTE'S WELCOME TO YORK.

A SONG WRITTEN FOR THOSE VENERABLE PATRIOTS WHO MET THEIR FRIEND AND CONTEMPORARY IN ARMS AT YORKTOWN ON THE 19TH OCTOBER, 1824.

TUNE—"*Scots wha' ha' wi' Wallace bled.*"

Welcome, Freedom's noblest son,
Welcome, Friend of WASHINGTON,
Welcome on the field we won
Our dear Liberty:
We, a hoary veteran train,
Come to meet *you* once again,
YOU—who led us o'er this plain
On to Victory!—

Here our gallant leaders led,
Marching over heaps of dead,

Here's the spot on which we bled,
That we might be free:
The battle's storm round us roar'd,
Blood stream'd fresh from ev'ry sword,
DEATH or FREEDOM was the word,
Fight and never flee!

Then our hearts beat high and warm,
Valor nerv'd each youthful arm,
Ev'ry bosom own'd the charm,
Inspir'd by FAYETTE:
Again our aged bosoms glow,
Young again we seem to grow,
Feeling we could meet the foe,
In dread battle yet!

Freemen swell your boldest strain,
While THE HERO treads again
O'er this honor'd, hallow'd plain,
Where great deeds were done:
Rouse the war-inspiring drum,
Let the trumpet tell he's come,
Welcome—Welcome, to your home,
FRIEND OF WASHINGTON.

SPRING:*

See on high the Sky Lark soar;
Hear the feather'd songsters sing—

*This, the New-Years Gift, How sweet? Banks of the Rush and a Wretch's last Earthly Refuge, were all written in very early life, and among the first pieces sent to the Newspapers of which The Stranger was then a correspondent.

Now the blast of winter's o'er,
Joyous, joyous is the Spring!

The Meads are deck'd in green array;
Plough-boys whistle, milk-maids sing;
All unite and sweetly say,
Joyous, joyous is the Spring!

Soon the month of May will come,
The pride of months, Poets sing;
Roses then shall bud and bloom:
Joyous, joyous is the Spring!

Youthful reader would you know,
Why it is, that thus I sing?
A moral here I wish to show,
On the beauties of the Spring:

The Spring of life, you now are in—
Soon the fairy season's o'er;
Shun the walks of shame and sin;
Tread the paths of vice no more!

Fly to wisdom, fly to truth,
Fly unto a path divine—
Blissful path to tread in youth,
'Tis in that, they sweetly shine!

Blest religion, pure and holy,
Softens every care in life;
Makes professors meek and lowly,
Free from envy, free from strife.

Soon the bloom of youth will fade;
Soon will die the lilies fair;
The frosts of winter casts a shade
The bloom of Spring can not repair.

And when thus declining age
Casts his mantle o'er our frame,
May we read life's chequer'd page,
With no blush of conscious shame.

Then contented in our breast,
We'll serenely sit and sing;
(Without cares to break our rest)
Joyous, joyous is the Spring.

A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT,

ADDRESSED TO MISS N. M. BY AN AFFECTIONATE RELATION.

Whilst the wild and the gay are spending their time,
In the circles of fashion unmolested by care;
As a mark of respect, I'll attempt now in rhyme,
To greet and to wish you a happy New-Year.

The rose-tree of Spring is now leafless and dying;
Its blossoms are scatter'd to rot on the ground;
The oak-leaves of Summer, in confusion are lying;
And the notes of the Sky-Lark have long ceas'd to sound!

The cold blast of Winter is whistl'ing around us,
And chill is the hoar frost that whitens the plain:

Cold and bleak are the mountains, rising around us ;
But bright spring shall return to cheer them again.

What a just picture of life here opens to view ;
What a lesson of truth it teaches each heart ;
A picture each mortal shall acknowledge is true,
And a lesson from which we ne'er should depart.

In the morn of our days when beauty shines bright,
Let us of knowledge, lay up a rich store,
That when age shall advance, like the shades of the night,
It may cheer us though our spring is long o'er.

Then the Autumn of life shall pass smoothly by,
When the roses of Spring have long ceased to bloom;
And the charms of our youth forgotten will lie,
Whilst we look for that spring which shines past the tomb !

Now may happiness, health and each blessing here,
With fortune's bright favors for ever be thine ;
May new joys and delights return with each year,
And you ever be under protection divine.

Adieu ! my dear friend, these lines, all I give,
To remember me when I shall part with my breath;
But perhaps, still bright in thy mem'ry they'll live,
When their writer lies cold in the valley of death !

HOW SWEET ?

How sweet to think, that at the last
Our toils will have an end ;

How sweet to think of all that's past,
Tho' cares and pleasures blend.

How sweet the fragrance of the rose,
Refresh'd with morning dew;
How sweet the nuptial hours of those,
Who're constant, kind, and true.

How sweet to think of bosom friends,
That far abroad shall roam;
How sweet to think the *parent* sends,
His pray'rs for those at home.

How sweet to think that those we love,
E'er bear us in their mind;
How sweet to think that they will prove,
Forever true and kind.

How sweet the kisses that we steal,
From cheeks soft as the down;
How sweet the anguish that we feel,
If *beauty* then should *frown*.

But sweeter than the thoughts of those,
Who're far away from home,—
And sweeter than the fragrant rose,
When freshest it shall bloom.—

Or sweeter than those nuptial ties,
Which Hymen's self shall bind,—
And sweeter than the thoughts that rise
Within the lover's mind,—

Is *beauty*, when her hand extends,
And, smiling sweet as Heav'n,
She for that *frown* shall make amends,
By saying,—"You're forgiv'n."

BANKS OF THE RUSH.

Hail to thee, dear Rush! thou pure crystal stream,
Long in my memory thy waters shall dwell;
A sight of thy banks in fancy's wild dream,
Starts a tear in my eye, and makes my heart swell:
It recalls to my mind
Scenes that are dear,
When Mary was kind,
When Mary was *near!*

From my native mountains, thy bright waters glide
Down the sweet vallies where oft I have strayed;
When fatigued I have laid on thy green swarded side,
And reposed me under the beach's broad shade:
I remember it well,
Tho' years have rolled o'er;
Sad truth 'tis to tell,
To me they're no more!

How oft I then wandered to list to the dove,
Or, seated with Mary by the *dark ivy bush*;
Have whispered to her the soft tales of love,
Of happiness too, on the banks of the Rush:
Bright scenes of my youth,

Alas! they are o'er,
And love tales of truth
Are told there no more!

Life then was pleasure, and no thought that distrest,
Across my young mind did then flittingly gleam;
All was peace, all was love, in my youthful breast,
When with Mary I strayed by thee, mountain stream;
But those scenes are past,
And forgot is the bush,
Where oft we have sat
On the banks of the Rush!

But still in my fancy these scenes shall abide,
Still I'll remember when Mary was kind;
I yet see her smile on the sweet river side,
Nor think of the *frown* that pained my mind:
That frown so severe,
Will it never cease?
It filled me with care,
It destroyed my peace!

Adieu to thee, Rush! no more shall I see
Such days of pure bliss as thro' life I glide;
Adieu to thee, Mary, to the shady beach tree,
And the green swarded vale on Rush river side!
Tho' Mary is *cold*,
I remember the bush
Where love tales were told,
On the banks of the Rush!

A WRETCH'S LAST EARTHLY REFUGE.

When sorrows come, and joys shall flee,
With peace far from his breast;
And every thought a dagger be,
To rob him of his rest—

When drear misfortune's angry frown,
And poverty's broad stare,
Unite to bear their victim down,
And fill his breast with care—

When disappointment 'whelms the soul,
Nor leaves a spark of joy;
When cares unceasing round him roll,
And pleasure's self shall cloy—

When love's bright beams have disappear'd,
And each enchanting air;
When nought but envy's tongue is heard,
And notes of black despair—

When retrospection brings no peace,
Nor calms the soul of wo;
Where shall *this victim* seek for ease,
Where to find comfort go?

In desert wilds, far, far from hence,
Let his lone dwelling be;
Where human footsteps ne'er were heard,
Nor human form shall see—

Where vegetation never springs,
Nor summer sunbeams shine;

Where larks nor linnets never sing,
To cheer with notes divine—

Where every scene is dark and drear,
With nought the eye to cheer ;
Where sunless mountains, bleak and bare,
On every side appear.—

There let him rest ; in calm content
He'll end a weary life ;
Unknown to care he'll not repent
To leave a world of strife.

No outward scene will there allure,
To cause his soul to stray ;
No friendship false will he deplore,
No troubless cross his way :

But far from each unpleasant scene,
Life's stormy path he'll try ;
Living unknown—unknown will be,
And unlamented die !

MASONIC SONG :

Inscribed to, and sung by the members of Fairfax Lodge No. 43—at the Anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, December 27th.—A. L. 5823 :—A. D. 1823.

TUNE—*Auld Lang Syne.*

Come strike the *tune* that e'er imparts,
Such thrilling charms divine ?

That warms with love Freemasons hears,
For Auld Lang Syne,
For Auld Lang Syne, my dear,
For Auld Lang Syne,
That warms with love Freemason's hearts,
For Auld Lang Syne.

The *fair* first claim the Mason's care,
(We bow at beauty's shrine;)
To Masons a' they e'er were dear,
In Auld Lang Syne,
In Auld Lang Syne, my dear, &c.

Then Masons *charge* your glasses high,
With this bright sparkling wine;
And toasting drink "*to woman's eigh*,"
For Auld Lang Syne,
For Auld Lang Syne, my dear, &c,

Our master next we proudly cheer,
And *mark* his jewels shine!
Oh! may we often meet him here,
For Auld Lang Syne,
For Auld Lang Syne, my dear, &c.

Within due *bounds* he makes us steer,
By the GREAT LIGHT divine!
And teaches us our acts to square,
By Auld Lang Syne,
By Auld Lang Syne, my dear, &c.

Our wardens next we cheerful greet,
May *peace* their brows entwine;

On *Friendship's Level* e'er we meet,
For Auld Lang Syne,
For Auld Lang Syne, my dear, &c.

Such noble feelings warm each heart,
Such sentiments divine ;
That on the *Square* we ever part,
For Auld Lang Syne,
For Auld Lang Syne, my dear, &c.

And for each absent brother dear,
Who once with us did join ;
Here is a toast and here a tear,
For Auld Lang Syne,
For Auld Lang Syne, my dear, &c.

Now to the Craft where'er they be,
Working by *rule* and *line ;*
Long may they live both blest and free,
For Auld Lang Syne,
For Auld Lang Syne, my dear, &c.

And when we quit our brethren here,
The Craft above to join ;
May ev'ry act prove *just* and *square*,
For Auld Lang Syne, my dear, &c.

BROTHERS OF ONE SOCIAL BAND.

Inscribed to, and sung by the members of Blandford Lodge No. 3, at the anniversary of St. John the Baptist, June 24th, A. L. 5824.—*A D* 1824.

TUNE—"*Scots wha, ha' wi' Wallace Bled.*"

BROTHERS of one social band,
Join each heart and join each hand,

Firm, united, thus we stand,
Sons of Masonry!

None with Masons can compare,
None can guide the mystic square,
None can better love the Fair,
Than the Mason free!

Wisely good and nobly kind,
Masons hearts you'll ever find,
Strong the ties that closely bind,
Sons of Masonry!

ART—that hath the secret charm,
Strife and malice to disarm;
Guarding us from every harm,
Sure must noble be!

Still! it calms the heaving sigh,
Wipes the orphan's tearful eye,
Gift of HIM who reigns on high,
Masons, bend the knee!

Hail! thou heav'nly science, hail!
Balm to soothe the suffrer's wail,
Thy charity shall ne'er fail,
Sons of Masonry.

If to travel we're inclin'd,
Brothers we will never find,
More noble, *bright*, just or kind,
Than in number Three!

Long may good old BLANDFORD stand,
With the Lodges of our land,
Dealing, from unsparing hand,
Her free Charity!

ART OF SHAKING HANDS.

Hail! to the happy, happy man,
Who knows that Masons taught this plan,
(In that they cannot err,)
And well the secret understands,
To greet a friend by shaking hands,
When meeting from afar.

When we shall leave our native home,
And o'er the world may wand'ring roam,
Unknowing and unknown:
How pleasant then in foreign lands,
To meet a brother shaking hands,
Whom we can call our own.

Tho' China be his place of birth,
And tho' we meet on verge of earth,
In deserts dark and drear;
Or in Arabia's burning sands,—
He knows you well by shaking hands,
And bids you not to fear.

How great an art was it to find
A language speaking to the mind,
If darkest night should reign;

For then a Mason understands,
And knows a brother shaking hands,
Tho' silent he remain!

When *pride* and *pomp* together meet,
They with a nod each other greet,
Thus coldly meet and part;
But masons, ere they take their stands,
First kindly shake each other's hands,
And thus display the heart.

'Tis not a slight unmeaning clasp,
But 'tis a warm and friendly grasp,
That tells of friendship sweet;
Unlike the *touch* that coldly stands—
Us'd not by Masons shaking hands,
When they together meet.

Let fools scoff on, and bigots sneer,—
Let superstition stand and fear
To search and find the light;
Whilst every Mason understands
The ancient art of shaking hands,
And other secrets bright.

And may each worthy honest *man*,
This mystic science learn to scan,
And with his friend be free;
If just he deals, on honor stands,
We'll teach the art of shaking hands
To him most willingly.

BIRTH OF MASONRY.

AIR—"*To Liberty's enraptured Sight.*"

When Chaos ceas'd its gloomy reign,
And worlds on worlds, in light appear'd;
Wide o'er the bright etherial plain,
The peal of Angels shouts was heard:
Long through the spaceless arches rung
Their songs, till echo'd back again;
Each Seraph caught them on his tongue,
And bore to Earth this rapt'rous strain—
All hail! the MASTER, Great and Free;
Who wrought CREATION'S Masonry!

In night, was hid MAN'S noble mind,
Himself, a wand'rer o'er the Earth;
Till science burst its space confin'd,
And gave our shining ORDER birth:
Then Temples dazzling to the view,
In pillar'd strength rose on each plain;
And mortals tuned their voices new,
To echo back this Heav'n taught strain—
All hail! the MASTER Great and Free,
Whose wisdom fram'd Free Masonry!

Thence, social Harmony that grows,
With love and friendship intertwin'd;
And ev'ry lasting good arose,
To bless and humanise MANKIND.
Then may our ORDER onward soar,
Nor fate e'er break its friendly chain;

Till TIME itself—shall be no more,
And we above, shall sing this strain—
All hail! the MASTER Great and Free,
Whose goodness taught us Masonry!

ODE TO FAME.

What are thy charms, thou IDOL of a world,
To which all men submissive bend the knee;
Why should the WARRIOR with his flag unfurled,
Rush on and brave the battle's strife for THEE?
What boots thy proudest wreath when he is slain,
Think'st thou, thy requiem dirge, he then can hear,
As slow it swells o'er the blood sprinkled plain,
And breathes its mournful tones upon the ear.

Why should the STATESMAN, spend his life in toil,
Struggling for an ungrateful country's weal;
Wasting his health and braving many a broil,
Meeting new labors with unbroken zeal:
Think'st he FAME, thou, his service will reward,
Or from oblivion's wreck his name can save;
Living, a Nation proffers their regard,
And dead, most likely, stab him in his grave!

Why should the ORATOR in flights sublime,
Grasp at the skies and span the distant pole,
Range through all space, all matter, and all time,
For figures, to arouse the dormant soul.
Though on thy records FAME, he long may live,

By his example fired, spring tow'ring germs;
And worlds their praise and adoration give,
What's that to him, while he lies food for worms!

Why should the POET strike the tuneful lyre,
Swell the full compass of melodious song;
Enriched with thought and sentimental fire,
In hopes to please the heedless passing throng:
Vain is the task, and difficult as vain,
They hear your dulcet notes with coldest phlegm,
And while you warble the most touching strain,
Ask, what are they to you, or you to them!

Ye millions of beings who breathe and live,
Anxious to win a never dying name;
How much avails, if a whole life you give,
For wealth, for wisdom, learning, or for FAME?
All *wealth* is centred in an upright heart,
All *wisdom's this*, to tread the paths MAN *should*;
All *lore*, to know, how *well* to act his part,
All honest FAME, must spring from DOING GOOD!

NOTES

TO

THE VIRGINIAD.

"One Song—to tell Virginia's unsung praise."

TO the fair authoress of the "POTOMAC MUSE" I owe an apology, or rather an explanation of the reason why the above line appears in the first stanza of THE VIRGINIAD, after her having so beautifully chaunted the praises of our mutually loved and admired native State. It was not untill the principal part of my Poem was written, and the first forms printed off, that I became acquainted with the existence of her work. It was then too late to make the correction. To the same cause must be attributed the omission of *a name* in *The Virginiad*, which would have been a valuable accession to the number enrolled there.—Her own work however, which is before the public, best speaks her eulogy, and will long outlive any thing I could write in commendation of the author.

(*a*) [*Her clime, &c.*] The mild and salubrious climate of Virginia has often been remarked by foreigners as well as natives, a visible change is yearly progressing in the temperature of our atmosphere. Winter has become less frigid than in former years. Snow is rare, and seldom lays longer than two or three days.

The splendor and sublimity of the setting sun, when contemplated from the mountains of Virginia, can scarcely be equalled in any part of the world. We go to distant climes in search of health—we ascend the Alps and the Appenines to behold the beauties of nature, leaving behind as unworthy of notice the pure air, and splendid scenery in the mountainous districts of our native Country. To admire them, it is only necessary that they should be seen. Such is the magnificent grandeur of a prospect of this kind, that it would arouse the dullest soul to contemplation and admiration!—inspire the coldest mind with enthusiasm and delight! Its effects on those of a warmer temperament it would be difficult to find language sufficiently powerful to describe. If described as it actually exists, those unacquainted with the facts would at once conclude it to be the hyperbolical ravings of a disordered immagination. Time, may partially shade the recollection of *all* the peculiarities of such a view, but the impression it makes on the mind must last forever.

(*b*) NESTOR was one of the Fifty-four companions of JASON, who went to *Colchis* to recover the Golden Fleece He was afterwards distinguished as one of the ablest of the Grecian Generals at the siege of TROY, and is said to have lived *three ages*.

(c) The Indian arrows were pointed with pieces of white flint or other hard stone, very ingeniously fashioned for that purpose. They are commonly found from one and a half to three inches in length, tapering gradually from the head to the point, something near the shape of the blade of a common dagger. At the head or broad end are two notches, one on each side, by which it is secured in the end of the shaft, split for that purpose, by a thong made from the sinews of the deer. With this, their bows were also strung. The spear and battle-axe are made of the same material and nearly in the same manner. The former, being from six to eight inches long, the latter only four or five, very thick and heavy with an obtuse instead of a sharp point—they were secured in handles in the same manner as the arrows. These interesting proofs of the native ingenuity of the Indians, are found in great numbers near the mountains and are doubtless, quite as numerous in other places. I have picked up hundreds of them, but in that part of the country they are considered no curiosity, and are rarely noticed. The tribe of Indians inhabiting the district of country of which I am speaking, were called the TEGNINATIES, and formed a part of the nation of MANNAHOACS.

(d) This picture of Indian life is by no means overstrained, or their moral perfections rated above what was actually due. Before *civilized* whitemen taught the savage Sons of the Forest dissimulation and dissipation, they knew not what it was to deceive or commit excess.

(e) Washington, Georgetown and Alexandria are

here alluded to. The last ranks first in commercial importance, having a large inland trade from the wealthiest agricultural districts of the state. Her foreign trade is also very great, and that of Washington and Georgetown, yearly increasing in extent and importance.

(*f*) In the opinion that the broad & beautiful valley stretching from the Blue Ridge in the East to the mountains, of the West was once covered by a fresh water lake, I am not singular. I drew this conclusion from personal observation long before I knew a similar hypothesis had been advanced by Mr. Jefferson in his Notes on Virginia.

His account of the passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge, in which he introduces the subject of this supposed lake, I give in his own language, as a rich treat to the lovers of nervous thought and sublime description.

"The passage of the Potomac through the Blue ridge is perhaps one of the most stupendous scenes in nature.—You stand on a very high point of land On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain an hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Potomac, in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea. The first glance of this scene hurries our senses into the opinion, that this earth has been created in time, that the mountains were formed first, that the rivers began to flow afterwards, that in this place particularly they have been dammed up by the Blue ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean which filled the whole valley; that

continuing to rise they have at length broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down from its summit to its base. The piles of rock on each hand, but particularly on the Shenandoah, the evident marks of their disrupture and avulsion from their beds by the most powerful agents of nature, corroborate the impression. But the distant finishing which nature has given to the picture, is of a very different character. It is a true contrast to the foreground. It is as placid and delightful, as that is wild and tremendous. For the mountain being cloven asunder, she presents to your eye, through the cleft, a small catch of smooth blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you, as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring around, to pass through the breach and participate of the calm below. Here the eye ultimately composes itself; and that way too the road happens actually to lead. You cross the Potomac above the junction, pass along its side through the base of the mountain for three miles, its terrible precipices hanging in fragments over you, and within about twenty miles reach Fredricktown, and the fine country round that. This scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic. Yet here, as in the neighborhood of the Natural Bridge, are people who have passed their lives within half a dozen miles, and have never been to survey these monuments of war between rivers and mountains, which must have shaken the earth itself to its centre."

(*g*) At the siege of York but little fighting was done during the day. There was no general engagement on which the poet might exercise his powers of immagina-

tion. The sorties by night, to storm the batteries of the enemy were made by parties of a few hundred only.—These were commanded by leaders of the most determined bravery. LA FAYETTE was among them. They scarcely ever failed to effect the purpose for which they were ordered out, but mounted the breastworks of the enemy unappalled by their showers of grape and musket shots, spiked their cannon, and drove them from their trenches at the point of the bayonet.

(*h*) I had this fact from a Revolutionary Soldier who witnessed the scene. He had been in the army of Washington throughout the whole war: He had fought the British Soldiery, not as his *personal* enemies, but as men who invaded his country in obedience to the commands of their superiors. His motto was "Strike where I must, spare when I can!"—In a conversation with him relative to the surrender at York, he used nearly the following language:—"though my whole soul glowed with delight at the happy termination of our long and arduous struggle for Liberty and at the prospect of soon returning to my family and friends, I could not avoid feeling deeply for the humiliating situation of the British Soldiers, as with downcast eyes they marched out to ground their arms at the feet of their victors. Whatever were my feelings, when in the strife of battle, I had met them hand to hand, they were now obliterated, and as I gazed around upon the countenances of my companions in arms, I observed the glistening tear of pity stealing down the manly cheek of many a kind hearted brother soldier."

How noble must be the bosom where such feelings find a home! I envy not the victor his laurels who can wantonly insult or wound the feelings of his fallen foe!

(*i*) Richmond pnssesses many and rare natural advantages over the majority of her sister towns in Virginia. It is handsomely situated on the north east bank of James River, a short distance below the falls, to which the river is navigable for vessels of considerable tonnage; and above is a fine Canal and river navigation for many miles thro' which the abundant product of a large district of country is brought to market.

The Town Hall and Monumental Church, whether viewed as specimens of ART or as evidences of liberality, are equally creditable to the Architect and to the City.—It is to be regretted however that the *latter* is in an unfinished state.

(*j*) The Jewish Sanhedrim or Senate according to some authorities consisted of 70 Elders of the people, others make it 72, who yearly assembled in one of the apartments of the Temple at Jerusalem to consult and decide on all matters of importance affecting "Church or State." It was the highest tribunal of the nation, and their decisions were irrevocable.

(*k*) The first eight lines of this stanza allude to that noble band of youthful worthies, the PETERSBURG VOLUNTEERS, "who embarked in the service of their country, in the war with Great Britain on the 21st of Oct. 1812, & consecrated their valor at the battle of Fort Meigs, the 5ht of May 1813."

(*l*) The Indians calculated their time by *moons*.

(*m*) Pale Blue Beads are more highly valued by the savages than those of any other color, in consequence of their being of the same shade as the firmament.

(*n*) The captivity of SMITH, and his condemnation to death, is a circumstance well known. The manner of his rescue by the amiable and intrepid Pocahontas is a subject of eulogy wheresoever her name has been sounded, and will be handed down with other fine traits in her character till the latest ages of time. It is impossible that a name like hers should ever perish. How many names of the Princesses Royal, who have fluttered out their gaudy day of existence in the splendid Courts of Europe, may be found recorded on the pages of History?—On the marble slab, blackened and defaced by time, you may read that such people were *born* and have *died* That, is the sum of their history. But the noble Pocahontas, whose palace was a Wigwam, whose throne was the rude block or unshapen stone, lives on the pages of history with a lustre that time can never dim. She lives in the memory, she lives in the heart, and will be dear to both, till the one becomes extinct, and the other shall cease to beat, forever!

(*o*) Smith, in order to elude Pocahontas when he embarked for England the last time, caused the colonists to spread a report of his death, and had a grave formed in which the Princess was made to believe his body was intered. To this spot she was long in the habit of coming to strew flowers on the grave, and weep over the immagi-

nary remains of a man, who however great he might have been, was unworthy of such a mark of tenderness and affection.

(*h*) It is a singular fact and well worthy of record and remembrance, that as much as Gen. Washington was exposed in battle, he never received a single wound or other personal injury. After Braddock's defeat, an Indian was heard to declare "that he had seventeen fair fires at him" many of which pierced his clothes, but not one grazed his skin. An all wise and overruling Providence shielded a life, his country could ill have spared :—

(*q*) The Virginia University, located within one mile of Charlottesville, and near the residence of its venerable and illustrious projector.

(*r*) Isaac Barrow, of Cambridge College was an eminent and eloquent divine, and officiated as Chaplain to King Charles the Second. His sermons distinguished for great ability and clearness, are published in two folio volumes, to which is added his treatise on the Pope's Supremacy, probably one of the most learned & able tracts on that or any other subject in the English language. His other works, both numerous and able are chiefly written in Latin.

(*s*) JOHN RANDOLPH of *Roanoke*. This truly great man may have erred, (and who has not ?) at some periods of his life. His political course during the late war, subjected him to much censure. I would not be the apologist of him or any other man opposed to that war, did I not believe the purest motives prompted his opposition.—

His devotedness to the best interests of his country both before and since that event, bear the most conclusive evidence of his patriotism. He meant to do well, and only mistook the means by which it was to be effected. His views were honest, but unquestionably erroneous.—Let then the errors of the head be forgiven, of the heart, he has none to atone for.

(*t*) James Barbour, late Governor of Virginia, and present Secretary of War. He is a man, of whom his native state may well be proud.

(*u*) General Winfield Scott.—England has felt the strength of his arm, the world has heard of his fame, and his country glories, in which she rewards his worth.

(*v*) Littleton Waller Tazewell, of the U. S. Senate, Richard Henry Lee, a cotemporary of Patrick Henry, and one of the signers of the declaration of Independence—and the late Governor Nelson are here alluded to.

NOTES

TO

ROGER CLODDY.

(*a*) Æolus in Heathen mythology is the fabled God of the winds.

(*b*) The Anaconda is the largest of the serpent species, and is common to the East Indies and South America. Such is their immense strength and bulk, that they often attack tygers and other beasts, crush them to death in their folds and swallow them whole. Their breath is almost as poisonous as the exhalation of the baleful Upas Tree, beneath the congenial shade of which, they no doubt often repose.

(*c*) Let no improper construction be placed on this and the preceding lines. The author means no more, than that Physicians are fond of investigating the causes which produce disease, in order that they may be the better enabled to judge of what will soonest remove it.—Independent of this, if the author knows himself, he is incapable of making the slightest reflection on a profession

to the skill and humanity of one of whose brightest ornaments, he has recently owed so much.

(*d*) Don't smile my fair and delicate reader! (if such you chance to be) don't smile I say at this line —Many a time and oft have I seen the mountain lasses (there are but few Megs among them) with forms of which Venus might be justly jealous, blushing beauteous as Aurora's self, tripping it light as fairies, and gay as health, happiness and innocence can make lovely woman —I have seen them, I say, wield the shining sickle, or bind the golden sheaf in harvest, with a skill and dexterity that might have done honor to the stouter sex. I have seen them turn the withering swarth of hay whose delicious fragrance was perfuming the air far and wide around them, and their every step and action seemed to give them additional grace and beauty. And where was their modesty and their delicacy all this time, enquires my refined reader? I'll tell you: *chance* has placed some in high, others in humble life —*Fortune* has polished some, while poverty has kept others uncultured, but Nature, more just than either *chance* or *fortune*, has neglected none of her creatures. On all she has bestowed mind and capacity, sufficient for the rank of life in which she places them —— What a high born and well bred lady might view as degrading for one of her station in life to perform, a peasant girl will cheerfully execute. In addition to this, their simplicity, beauty, and innocence, completely disarm every enemy to virtue. The rustic swains of the mountains too, have as high sense of honor as the most refined

and accomplished gentleman, and approach their divinities with as many bows and scrapes and trembling fears as the most polished Courtier like beau would the gayest belle in Christendom.

(*e*) Pistol is a cant phrase among tipplers for *bottle*, and *Apple Jack* for *Apple Brandy*.

(*f*) *The Skunkweed* grows in marshes, and is not unlike (in shape) a large leafy Cabbage. It derives its name from an animal called the Skunk, the *odour* of which is precisely the same, that is, equally disagreeable when you come in close contact with it.

(*g*) *Kaiser* is the German word for Emperor. The Russian Czar signifying the same thing, is but a corruption of this word.

(*h*) God forbid that the author should coincide with Hodge in this unrighteous determination. "*Befruitful and multiply*" saith the Scriptures, and that commandment as it is the first, should be observed above all others. Neither does he agree with Clod in the opinions he expresses in the lines preceding.

If we men will make ourselves fools, we should not blame the ladies. It is not their fault that they are handsome, and if we are silly enough to fall over head and ears in love with them, does it follow of course that they are obliged to love us ?—Ladies have their favorites as well as the men, and I see no reason why they should not be as much entitled to them. I have seen some poor love sick swain whining and pining himself to death, because the fair one, with whom he was enamored did not come

and voluntarily fall into his *longing* arms. It is like stretching ourselves beneath the sugar plum tree, and waiting for the fruit to drop into our mouths. If the prize is worth having, it is worth seeking. Again I have heard some disappointed lover, vowing eternal hatred to the whole of the "fickle race" as he styles them, and threatening to forsake society, merely because he was fool enough to love those who were not such fools as to return his love: Let the silly misanthrope go and hide himself in a cave or a convent, who will weep for his departure, or who miss his company when he's gone?—To my mind, a man so easily disheartened, one with a temper so unsociable, would make no very desirable husband. Finally, when a man sets sail for a wife, he should reasonably calculate on meeting with a few adverse winds during the voyage. He may even be so unfortunate as to be blown off the coast. But let neither deter or dishearten him.—Make head way in spite of all opposition—tack about and try it again, and my life for it, he enters the port of matrimony at last.

THE STRANGER.

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I cannot close this volume without returning my heart-felt acknowledgments to those, whose names I have the pleasure of recording here, as the *voluntary* patrons of my humble work. Encouragement such as this, is of that kind most grateful to an author's feelings, and is such as he should never forget.

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